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CHEFS D'ŒUVRE  
OF THE  
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE  
BY  
W. WALTON A. SAGLIO & V. CHAMPIER



GEORGE BARRIE & SON  
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CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE  
OF THE  
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE  
1900

INDIA-PROOF EDITION

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THÉODORE RIVIERE

THE SUNNA VIRGIN

*Statuette of Ivory, Onyx, Gold, and Precious Stones*

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ETCHED IN FOUR PLATES BY CHARLES-R. THÉVENIN



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vol. 1

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, 1900

THE  
CHEFS-D'OEUVRE

APPLIED ART, BY V. CHAMPIER; CENTENNIAL AND RETROSPECTIVE, BY A. SAGLIO

ART AND ARCHITECTURE, BY W. WALTON



VOLUME I

PHILADELPHIA

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THE ART OF FRANCE



FIX-MASSEAU. THE SECRET  
STATUETTE OF WOOD AND IVORY. LOANED BY THE LYONS MUSEUM













HENRI-JEAN-GUILLAUME MARTIN  
CLÉMENCE ISAURE APPEARS TO THE TROUBADOURS

PHOTOGRAVURE

## INTRODUCTION

Any attempt to arrive at a just appreciation of the Art of France of the century just ending may be likened to an attempt to take cognizance of the fields of human knowledge, plus those of the imagination. In no other land or age has this extraordinarily comprehensive æsthetic research been pushed so far, and if it has very frequently strayed into fields that are alien or evil, the manifestation of human intelligence is none the less remarkable. The province of the commonplace daily observer, that of practical and empirical science, that of the historian, of the man of letters, and those vast and shadowy ones tenanted only by bodiless visions, are all included,—painters and modellers have endeavored to realize and to present the tritest details of our usual existence and the mysteries of all the shadows in which the ghosts walk. It has not been considered enough to endeavor to give the figure of Humanity. Many workers have striven earnestly in that search for beauty and elevation of type which is laid down in the old formulas, and with infinite variations of this beauty; others, it must be confessed, have as frankly undertaken to present the sordid, the pathological, the pestilential, and even the infernal. The Fiend has had more than one able artist in his service; and the cunning with which good and evil have been intermingled—good and evil in art and in morals, the skilful hovering on the border—in art and in morals, the fine wit, much perverted, which

has frequently served to confuse the simple by its intelligent misuse of good technique and good aims, have largely characterized this school. Neither the sacred enclosure of the Church nor that of the lawful (and there is such a field as the latter), wide as they are, has sufficed these practitioners.

And yet, in these very wide domains how many corners have been explored, how many delicate phases of extreme beauty and grace, which should have sufficed to open the spiritual eyes of the dullest observer, have thus been presented by this extraordinary art. There seems to be no spiritual message of the beauty of the physical world which the astonished pigments, dull and opaque as they are, have not been compelled by this magic into portraying, at one time or another, by some of the more modern landscape-painters,—impalpable and flitting visions of glory on land and sea done into permanence by the painters for the good of their fellows. There are charmingly subtle graces of form and movement, momentary, the touch of a second, the glance of an eye, a little feminine mannerism, a little air of the eighteenth century, which French sculptors have known how to seize and to perpetuate in senseless calcareous stone. By the side of the most brutal, of the most vivid rendering of the most violent expression—and not infrequently by the same artist—may be seen these marvels of lightness wrought by one of the most artistic temperaments and by one of the most perfect techniques of the world.

About Art everything has already been said, and constant repetition leads to triteness. One of these trite observations is that the importance which, it has been agreed, shall be attached to the artist's work is due to the quality of the ideas with which he meddles and to his faculty as a creating agent. Out of nothing palpable he makes something; out of the intangible which pervades space around us he congeals definite images in form and color. He is able to evoke, and to evoke in the precise, as has been said. The historical painters,



the moderns, are able to revive a past age, costumes, countenances, and atmosphere. At least it seems so to us,—the vividness, the plausibility of the presentation are such that we are convinced that it was in this guise and none other that Napoleon rode and that Madame de Pompadour sparkled. No one can verify, but that is not the point,—here is a scene from another world presented to our senses,—it is as though we made a journey to the moon. In no art is this apparently absolute creation, this fire and spirit in a most learned taste for the arts, more convincing than in the French. It is not the restoration of the statistician or of the photographer, it is not the first handful of antique materials seized, by any means,—there is a selecting and an embellishing and a more intelligent presentation arrived at by means of a synthesis that is very largely a matter of intelligent personal “taste.” In re-creating, so to speak, an historical episode, as in the presentation of the landscape or the sitter actually before him, the artist does not merely reproduce nature. It has been said a great many times, but it is the most important thing to be said about him. As Byron sang of Canova’s “Helen,”—now forgotten:

“ In this beloved marble view,  
Beyond the works and thoughts of man,  
What Nature could, but would not, do,  
And Beauty and Canova can.”

Another of the characteristics of this modern school is the expression of that craving for constant progress, if not for mere novelty, which has been considered the peculiar manifestation of the age,—as it has been of several ages preceding. It is a natural reflex from the activity of the material and scientific world, exaggerated but not altogether unfounded,—why should not “this march of mind” extend as well to æsthetic conceptions and methods of execution? Hence, a vast amount of revolutionary doctrine—and some anarchistic—preached nowhere more vehemently than in this school. Hence, both excesses and real

discoveries,—frequently extravagant and ill-considered applications of new technical methods and hardy excursions over the old border-lines from which have been brought back both carrion and fresh food for the mind. In extent of field covered, in ability and audacity and saving grace from on high and occasional porcine wallowing, the contemporary French school is still unrivalled. In the fine old matter of blank human stupidity, it occasionally does well, but can claim no preëminence.

*Paris, July, 1900.*





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ÉDOUARD DETAILLE  
THE GARRISON OF HUNINGUE

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PHOTOGRAVURE





WILLIAM-ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU. ADMIRATION.

## CONTEMPORARY ART OF FRANCE

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It would seem that the nineteenth century is to be recognized in history as having been much more fortunate than its immediate predecessor in that it has succeeded in getting itself recognized and depicted in its art and literature. Never, it is now declared, were these twin handmaidens of civilization more completely in disaccord with the society which they pretended to represent than in the age which terminated with the French Revolution, and as it was French art and French literature which largely dominated the culture of the continent of Europe, the responsibility must be laid at the door of that people. Watteau has been



declared to be the most original painter of his nation, as having drawn less from the actual world around him, and more from himself, than any other. The *Embarquement pour Cythère* is not in any sense of the word a record of contemporary history,—not even of the inner and unseen history of the period, of its visions, its aspirations, its ideals. However this may be, it seems to be evident that the nineteenth century has been exhaustively portrayed, from every point of view, and that the future historians will have abundant material for its reconstruction.

The record of the various phases through which French art has passed in the last hundred years is sufficiently well known; these manifestations have been defined as Classicism, Romanticism, Idealism, Realism, Naturalism, and, at present, various forms of a mysticism which it is difficult to include under one comprehensive title, and which extends even to articles of household furniture and personal adornment. Realism and Naturalism, so called, gave rise to various subdivisions, Impressionism, Prismaticism, and so forth, founded on certain theories more or less scientifically correct and on diverse peculiarities of technique. The transit from one to the other of these phases has sometimes been effected with remarkable promptness; and two or three of them have more than once been contemporary, dwelling together with more or less friction. There have been frequent reversals of opinion not only during the artist's life-time, but later,—and these posthumous judgments have been in many cases reversed by a later and more liberal or more enlightened age. This has been seen notably in the case of some of the later artists of the eighteenth century,—Watteau, Fragonard, Clodion; and, still later, of “Monsieur” Ingres, as he was long called—as the representative of the severe and respectable classic, the *poncif*, the *pompier*. These complete facings-about have been so remarkable that the commentators have been forced to ask of themselves as to whether there was something in the national character peculiarly favorable to them. Moreover, though the theories on which these various schools

JULES-ALEXIS MUENIER  
A SUNDAY AT FRIBOURG

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PHOTOGRAVURE



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have been founded have been defined with sufficient clearness, it has been found that in practice the methods sometimes ran together, there have been romanticists who could draw, and classicists who could paint, and the latter had been inspired by all the themes of the former, legends and incidents both Christian and profane, modern history, Oriental subjects, and even the mouthings of Ossian.

At the present day, though the variety of opinions is as great as ever and the strength of feeling probably as strong, it is to be noticed that there is no systematic suppression. There are distinguished officials in the Louvre and professors in the Ecole who consider the works of Gustave Moreau as puerile, false as paintings and as conceptions; not even Manet's *Olympia* evoked a more furious storm of contempt than did Rodin's statue of Balzac; M. Gérôme walks through the galleries hung with Manets, Monets, and Sisleys, and with a sweeping gesture expresses his "shame" that his countrymen should exhibit such "*saletés*,"—but a collection of Moreau's paintings is accepted by the Luxembourg and hung with honor, Rodin maintains his position as one of the first sculptors of his time, and Caillebotte's bequest of his impressionist paintings has a special gallery in the Luxembourg. With three or four exceptions, there is no artist before the public who has not his bitter detractors, but there is none, apparently, who does not secure his fair share of favor and sunshine. Falguière's seated figure of Balzac was denounced by the critics (voicing the general opinion) as "a piteous failure" and as "*agressivement banale et désespérément sotté*," but it was accepted by the *Société des Gens de lettres* in the place of the one by Rodin, and the sculptor was lauded in his funeral oration by the Minister of Public Instruction, speaking in the name of the Government, as "one of the most illustrious representatives of French art," and as "one of the Frenchmen who had best served France." It is doubtful if there could be to-day any of that complete ostracism which for so long a period closed the doors of the Salon against Millet



MAXIMILIENNE GUYON. THE TOILET.  
WATER-COLOR.

and the landscape-painters of Fontainebleau,—if the Salon be too obdurate, the painter or the sculptor joins some society of the *Epatants*, or the *Incohérents*, and asserts himself.

It has been generally the excesses of the school of the day that have led to its forfeiting its share of the popular and artistic interest and seeing itself gradually superseded by some rival. The Romantic school, being somewhat less absurd even in its extravagances than the Classicism of David, is

much less dead,—and Delacroix is still a name to conjure with. But, after its overflowings and its outpourings, of imagination and of *sensibilité*, there came into the mode the cold and dispassionate observation of nature for the purpose of scientific artistic record, clearness of vision, sureness of hand, an impersonal impeccability of design, of modelling, and of color. The impersonal quality was an inseparable adjunct of Beauty. Consequently, there appeared in this approximately cold and exact painting, more or less photographic in effect, but little evidence of selection, of composition, of synthesis, or of “that powerful emotion which, alone, can, in re-creating them, animate living things.” Peculiarly was this so for the

lesser men, in literature and art, once in possession of their technical training, relieved from any necessity of inventing, almost of thinking, able to dispense with any pretence of mystery, of poetry, of visions, they proceeded to multiply their works, most of them without charm or individuality, until they had brought about a wholesome reaction. With the introduction of ideas, emotions, and expression, the attempt to revivify realism by the breath of idealism, the substitution of the interpretation for the copy, the school of Millet, the art of France and, more or less, of Europe and America, took on a new reason for being. The painters, no longer content with being painters only, became also philosophers and poets,—with a greater or lesser endowment of intellect or inspiration. Their great, and most laudable, effort was to avoid the commonplace in the representation of the real, to endow this representation with thought and emotion, to “demand of it an invitation to imaginings,” and, very naturally, they frequently drifted into obscurity and melancholy and, in some cases, into that philanthropic, or demagogic, or simply perverse mannerism which identifies “Humanity” with the poor, the ignorant, and the debased of the species. This manifestation is, however, more obvious in the writings of the commentators than on the walls of the galleries; there are a few painters and sculptors, French and Flemings, who devote themselves to the sordid life of the laboring classes, with especial emphasis upon the sordidness and unloveliness, but they do not constitute a very important factor in the contemporary school.

This turning away of art from its more decorative forms, from the mere pursuit of beauty, takes on another form in the works of such painters as Henri Martin and Eugène Carrière, who are thought to be haunted by the anxieties of the age, the unrest and doubt, “*la mélancolie et le deuil modernes*,” “the bitter joys of sorrow and of sacrifice.” If this heavy burden of Care should sometimes be perverted into morbidness or affectation, it need not surprise, as in Carrière’s determined swathing



in arbitrary gloom of all possible themes, from a Crucifixion to a scene in a modern theatre, including *all* the personalities of his sitters, tender infancy and wrinkled age. It is true that he is quite within his legal rights in so doing, and that under this fog of uncertainty is displayed a wonderful skill in modulated colors, with, for accents, the beady black eyes that occasionally pierce the obscurity,—but it is also true that any persistent mannerism ends by wearying and by being accepted as a sign of limitation. The technique of M. Martin has also the quality of irritation occasionally,—“thin and puerile,” says a recent admirer; “why this obstinacy in a method that forbids all synthesis, while the moral signification is always admirably noble?” In his larger canvases, however, as in his *Sérénité* of the Salon of 1899, this painting in *taches* or patches of pigments contrives to give a wonderful warmth and luminousness of color to a design that frequently appears to be in the photographic reproduction curiously pinched and realistic in execution. This bare little “clearing” in the forest, these honest peasants and tradesmen sitting and lying uncomfortably on the grass in their night-gowns, the general, and awkward, absence of real fatness and comfort and “serenity” in the whole situation, which—were it not for the floating figures—might readily be taken for a photograph from nature of arranged “models,” is redeemed in the painting by such a glow and beauty of rich and mellow afternoon light that the painter abundantly justifies himself. But in other of his more important works,—*Chacun sa chimère*, *Vers l'Abîme*, the figure of the mourning woman veiled in crape traversing the obscurity of this same forest of saplings and lifting above her bowed head a flaming and bleeding heart,—the artist constitutes himself the recorder of human grief and the accuser of human folly,—and is probably a more faithful exponent of some of the aspects of his age than Watteau and Fragonard and Lancret were of theirs. Very much broader than Carrière, he displays in other works—as in the apparition of the mythical Clémence Isaure to the troubadours—a breadth and style of composition

JACQUES WAGREZ  
A CHAPEL-MASTER OF SAINT MARK'S, VENICE,  
FIFTEENTH CENTURY

PHOTOGRAVURE



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JACQUES WAGNER





and design that lift themselves to the level of the theme and are most happily married to very great beauty of color.

It is rather by the intensity and comprehensiveness of this sympathy, this artistic appreciation of the accord between certain aspects of nature and certain states of the mind, than by the discovery of these very old qualifications of the artist, known since the beginning, that the contemporary school of painting is distinguished. It has been sometimes said that there is positive *emotion* displayed in these *œuvres de sensibilité*, "painted with the soul and which speak to the soul;" the lofty indifference, the aloof serenity, which characterize the best imaginative and contemplative work of an earlier generation and of which it was justly proud, would now be considered as either puerile or culpable. The artist must be filled with human, social instincts, he must thrill and suffer with his models who are themselves deeply occupied either with thought or action whether they be actual peasants and fishermen or abstract personifications. M. Martin's *Sérénité* is not exactly "serene" in the English sense of the word, neither the light nor the atmosphere nor the attitudes. There is doubt and aspiration and longing, the very trees and the little stream are too slim to be quite complete and self-resolved and self-poised. Carrière's figures are wrapped in mental as well as in material gloom; in the work of Gustave Moreau, which is now recognized officially as representative in this "moral world," the mysticism is nearly always troubled, the Salomés and the Helens, the corpses, the despairing poets, David on his throne and the Siren at the bottom of her sea; in his easel paintings and in many of his larger decorations—some of them pushed quite to the artistic limit of poignancy and of physical detail—Besnard's work displays every quality but *sang-froid*; M. Cottet, who is one of the newest arrivals, made his fortune with one of the darkest and most hopeless of fisherman's interiors, the *Repas d'Adieu*, now in the Luxembourg. The allegorists and the realists are alike bitter or cynical or despairing,—in the figuring of the insane passions of humanity, its

greed, its covetousness, its frantic pursuit of wealth or of glory, its murderous instincts, its ignorant and brutal revolt, its despairing misery. Either in careful and analytical detail or in abstract rendering, the motto is always that which Gustave Moreau gave to his pupils: "The thing to be afraid of, is, not the ugly, but the inexpressive." These painters, and many of the sculptors, could never dwell in peace in Tennyson's Palace of Art,—“the riddle of the painful earth” is with them too constantly.

In one of the lower galleries of the great decennial exposition of French art in the Grand Palais of the Paris Exposition of 1900 hangs an early painting by Gérôme, apparently the only one exposed by that master, and one which may very well serve to illustrate the distance between the older contemporary art and the newer. At opposite sides of a well overgrown with broad-leaved plants and presided over by a carved Cupid seated in a circular niche stand a youth and a maiden, and a spotted fawn comes up to the latter. The pavement is laid with Roman bricks and the idyl is of some undetermined date, but the young man and the young woman are quite nude, “and not ashamed,” and it is impossible to locate occasion or time or place. The light is clear and soft, the color is somewhat gray and thin, according to modern practices,—there is no moral, no significance, no relation whatever with contemporary human events, there is not even any title to be found for it,—excepting some such imbecility as “Innocence” or “Idyl.” Needless to say, the design and the simple and somewhat formal composition, being Gérôme's, are nearly impeccable,—and the style, the quietness, the dignity and reposefulness of this work of pure imagination are doubly appreciable after all the *sensibilité* of the newer works in the gallery above. Here, unhappy Man, hurried, worried, filled with care for himself or his fellows, or both, and having largely lost all his faith, comes to Art and, instead of finding a noisy repetition and aggravation of all his daily burdens, suddenly enters a new world, very still and gray and beautiful!



PAUL GERVAIS. THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

It would seem that this was quite permissible; and that the moderns did not know everything.

M. Gérôme says of M. Besnard, contemplating one of the latter's canvases: "*Ce pauvre Besnard!* if he only knew how to draw!" And Besnard rejoins: "*Le pauvre Gérôme!* if he only knew what drawing was!" In this interchange, it is evident that the younger man had the better of it,—it being a more intelligent operation to secure your correct *dessin* and then modify it or dissimulate it in the interests of other qualities—action, color, the impression to be produced—that may be more important, rather than to insist upon demonstrating at any cost your absolute science of design. The legs of Madame Réjane in Besnard's celebrated portrait which first appeared in the Salon of 1898—and similarly those of Balzac in the even more celebrated statue by Rodin—have given rise to much discussion,—the faithful asserting stoutly that these



useful members, in both cases, were actually there, anatomically and artistically correct, and the scoffers maintaining that if they were, they gave but little evidence of their being. In both instances, it would appear, the artist, after having carefully established these organs of locomotion, caused them to take a subordinate rôle in favor of something which he thought more important in his work—concealing them in the well-nigh formless folds of the novelist's dressing-gown, and in the flying and blazing rose satin skirt of the actress. In a general way it may be said that an artist of the older school would not have been willing to thus render his science liable to impeachment in order to secure a greater forcefulness of interpretation, a deeper and more spiritual meaning.

Sometimes, fortunately, these Æsops are willing to present their fables without the everlasting "Moral" or "Application," tacked on at the end. M. Besnard has executed canvases—as in his best portraits and in many of his decorations—in which a loftier ideality and a purer sense of beauty reign, in which there is neither statistical, nor pathological, nor minatory, nor intellectual art,—or, at least, only such inoffensive intellectuality as is required in personifying *Rêverie* by a nude female figure reclining by the side of a peacock along the edge of some shrubbery, the vegetable life being the enemy of action. Some of Gustave Moreau's classic incidents, as Apollo slaying the Stymphalides, or Europa galloped away with by her beautiful white bull, are likewise untormented by any modern significance; the mellow and golden twilights of M. René Ménard's landscapes, or the ineffable and tender afternoon light of his *Arc-en-ciel* seen at the Exposition of 1900, are works of pure art, in the best sense of the word, serene and uplifting,—unless, indeed, there be something troubling in everything that is beautiful. Another of these inspired interpreters of the face of nature—who succeed, possibly, somewhat better than the English painters in the same line not because they feel more deeply but because of a superiority of technical rendering—J.-A. Muenier, contrives to render also

AUGUSTE-FRANÇOISE-MARIE GORGUET  
GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES

*Loaned by the Béziers Museum*

PHOTOGRAVURE



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the very great beauty of landscape, frequently with a note of still more absolute quietness, in a somewhat cooler and clearer color. It would be difficult to imagine anything more charming, more restful, more a pure delight to the eye, than the *Dimanche à Fribourg* of the Salon of 1898. In these admirable canvases may be felt all that "faculty of electing the moments and the localities most propitious for the evocation of the *au-delà*" which the French critics claim—with considerable justice—as characteristic of the best of their contemporary art, and, in these cases, unmixed with any disturbing, and possibly foreign, humanitarian considerations. "Ah! the blessed falsehood," sighs M. Roger Marx, "and how grateful we should be to these painters who compel us to follow them, somewhere out of the world, into the quietude of a happy Tempel!"

Nor are these all of those who do not think it necessary to mix their art with polemics, and who disagree with M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, presenting the budget of the Beaux-Arts for 1900: "Nothing is more inexact than this formula: Art has no country; . . . Art is associated with the life of the country: it translates its emotions, it speaks its hopes and its mournings, and French democracy will always require of it, with the expression of its generous passions, the emphatic affirmation of its grandeur." Nothing, apparently, concerns less such painters as Aman-Jean, Lévy-Dhurmer, Agache, and such a sculptor as Carriès, than the triumph of French democracy; nor among the older men, Fantin-Latour. Of a certain painting of *Siegfried* by the latter, an English critic said that it had every artistic quality except that of being the Siegfried of Wagner; and of others of his canvases, "*visions de musicien*," M. Paul Desjardins says in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*: "Do not ask what these pictures represent or what they signify; know only that they smell of jessamine and of summer nights." Of that remarkable sculptor, Jean Carriès, dead too early, a recent biographer, M. Armand Dayot, gives these characteristics: "It is, above all, in

his incessant and learned researches, in his ardent preoccupations, in his conceptions so peculiarly individual, that we shall endeavor to follow and observe this extraordinary artist whom the triumphs of each day seemed to discourage, to whom the creation of a chef-d'œuvre brought only troubling anxieties, and who, with a species of unhealthy passion, a mortal passion, sought obstinately to crystallize his visions of the night in the *absolute* beauty of the material and in the most intimate union of this material with the motif, profoundly analyzed. For Carriès, every work of art should be decorative, but it should always impose itself upon the attention and attract the regard anew by precious exterior qualities of translation, whilst underneath the formula should appear clearly the life of the subject. . . .” In a surprising degree, are these qualities evident in his work,—the vitality of his figures under the apparently ungrateful material of his choice, the grès, “that *mâle de porcelaine*,” “that noble material which no one can dominate if he be not a master-workman,” as he described it. In this grayish porcelain, colored, enamelled, given a new life of warm tones and subtle modellings, the sculptor presented his motifs with wonderful variations of “the Human Comedy,”—beggars and vagabonds, his *Désolés*, with lamentable, ruined countenances; grinning and goat-eared fauns, with wrinkled noses; wonderful heads of little babies asleep, with triangular open mouths; Frans Hals, caught to the life, jovial, radiant, capable, valiant drinker and royal painter; a statuette of the Parisienne in gray touched up with carmines, the face framed in long blond curls and femininely intent and unquiet in this sentimental and romantic framing. All the modern tenseness and force of sympathy appear in these works, without any confining modern limits of time or environment.

Concerning the painters MM. Aman-Jean, Lévy-Dhurmer, and Agache, selected from among those most in evidence in the contemporary school as exploiting the “*privilège du sentiment*,” it is somewhat more difficult to second the eulogies bestowed upon them by their

appreciative countrymen. The last-named is distinguished by having no peculiarities of technique at all,—his painting is solid and conventional, well lit and well modelled, his mysticism—which is not very mystical—asserting itself courageously in open day. On certain lofty estrades and thrones are seated grave figures in contemplation or in abstraction,



JULES-ALEXIS MUENIER. SEA-URCHIN FISHER.

aged philosophers and scholars or young women in black with laurel wreaths, long swords, and other appurtenances,—the whole dignified, sane, imaginative to a certain degree, quite acceptable. Aman-Jean, on the contrary, has a peculiar method, as has Lévy-Dhurmer,—and the cases are rare in which a set and determined manner of painting, regardless of times and seasons, the fall of empires and the theme to



be presented, does not end in becoming an able-bodied affectation which finally seizes and carries off its foster-father, like the goblin in the mediæval tale. Even the admirers of De Chavannes were obliged to admit that in some of his later decorations they seemed to find less of his genius, while the process remained; M. Henner redeemed himself from a very positive decadence by his *Lévite d'Ephraïm* of the Salon of 1898; of the great school of the Impressionists, there are innumerable canvases which are but empty semblances, void and deserted shells out of which the living inmate has departed as completely as does a locust or one of the crustacea. Likewise, the flat and low-toned paintings of Aman-Jean and the mere atmospheric envelope which partially shrouds Lévy-Dhurmer's graceful figures do not always appear to have a sufficient reason for being. Of the former, one of the best works is his well-known portrait of Jean Dampt, the sculptor, seated in deep meditation, his hands in the lap of his workman's apron, and appropriately framed in carved and stained oak, decorated with little painted panels which further present the phases of the artist-sitter. Some of the painter's decorative female heads, personifications of cities, or of states of the mind, are also very distinguished in their subdued harmonies of color.

It is believed by the most competent observers among their countrymen that the influence of the chiefs of this *école nouvelle* extends every year, without too much running to pasticcio, and that the evolution proceeds in complete accord with the aspirations of the day. As the field of the imagination, of sensitiveness and sympathy, is much too vast to be covered by any one group of artists, we find them divided into various groups, according to their affiliations,—and the number and importance of these groups, larger than in any other country, give much of its distinguishing character to contemporary French art. There are still some of these writers who cite as the leader of these revolutionary temperaments, marching toward the

EMILE-CHARLES DAMERON  
END OF THE HARVEST

PHOTOGRAVURE



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E. DANERON





conquest of the independence of art, Manet,—a species of Moses, able to point out the way to the Promised Land but not permitted to attain it himself. And this revolutionary movement followed the methods of most others,—incited and led at the outset by fiery iconoclasts, with the courage to rebel against the established order of things but without that deliberation and weight of judgment necessary to regulate their conquests, then followed and assimilated and brought into order by the less adventurous and the more discreet. The few leaders now left, unwilling to thus settle down and disarm, have gone off in search of new revolutions, followed by the turbulent and the unregulated; these are the “*révolutionnaires*,” who have even founded a new association, the *Société Nouvelle de peintres et de sculpteurs*, under the presidency of M. Gabriel Mourey, in the winter of 1899–1900, but whose first exhibition was nevertheless not entirely of dynamite. The more conservative of these pioneers, and the more numerous, occupied in organizing their newly acquired liberties, are the “*républicains libéraux de l'esthétique* ;”—but the distinctions are not very striking. The fire and fury of the original Impressionistic movement have singularly died out; M. Besnard is now probably the most advanced representative of this movement among the painters now most prominently before the public, but the great multitudinous average art production in Paris differs very considerably from M. Caillebotte's gallery in the Luxembourg. Nowhere is this discrepancy more obvious than in the annual Salons,—that of 1900, held in the Place Breteuil, had never heard of this new discovery in the art of painting and was generally thin, dry, flat, and conventional to a disgraceful degree.

Needless to say, the foreigners are apt to view these things with alien eyes. Mr. M. H. Spielman, the English critic, in a recent “Appreciation of Modern French Art,” after praising “the fine poetic works of style (yet how different!)” of Puvis de Chavannes and Fantin-Latour, goes on: “But even this art has its drawbacks. The very tenderness

of its tones has helped to lead to that colorless school which M. Zola so bitterly bewails. M. Zola proclaims himself the originator, the very Frankenstein, of the *plein-air* Monster, which has ended in the worship of Nature and the neglect of Art. In the attempt to render air, artists have forgotten the color in the things and scenes they paint, and in their modern anxiety about light, tone and value have lost the greatest charm of all. 'Go to Nature!' cried M. Zola at a time when Nature was represented to him by Manet's celebrated nude and impossible cat. The artists hearkened and obeyed; but forgot the Art they left behind. And now the prophet, horror-stricken at his own falsity,—or perhaps half-truth,—cries out aloud that he 'is scared by the monstrosities' he has called into being. The 'reflected lights' he pleaded for have become daubs of primary colors, laid on with a skill that often routs the objections of the observer of green skies, violet country-sides, 'orange horses and multicolored women.' M. Rochefort deplures the over-mysterious, nebulous school, in the faces of whose portraits the features are lost and the noses unattempted, reminding one of Mr. Whistler's drawing of his portrait of Mrs. Cassatt for the old *Pall Mall Gazette*. These things, even the 'sexless beings' of the new mysticism, are doubtless more amusing than *La Source*, *Femme Couchée*, *Rêverie*, *Le Bain*, and so forth, of which so many even now proclaim the mental barrenness of their authors. But what else do these gentlemen expect? They forget that out of a natural tendency to exaggeration the pendulum of fashion, which has swung periodically from Art to Nature and back again, needs but the incentive of a crusade of novel 'theory' to oscillate between fantastic extremes. So at last we have the sight of a whole school, leaders and all, exclaiming: 'Nature is played out! We must go back to Art'—*their* Nature and *their* Art!"

The "mental barrenness" of the average Salons for the last few years has evoked cries of alarm nearer home. At the distribution of awards of that of 1898, the president of the *Société des Artistes Français*,



HENRI BIVA. VILLENEUVE-L'ETANG: EVENING.

M. Jean-Paul Laurens, notwithstanding the character of the occasion, did not hesitate to utter words of warning. "Beware of the false artist," he said, "beware of that formidable trespasser who but too often thrusts his works upon our walls. Drive him out without pity, for it is of the commonplace, dull and gray, that the Salons may perish!" There are many other indications of a general concern at this substitution of the feigned for the true in the works of the artists of the day, of the acquired for the natural instinct, and the very thoroughness of the technical education has been held to be responsible, as enabling the productions of mere talent to suggest their authors being divinely called to the vocation. The methods of instruction of the national *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* have long been bitterly assailed as totally at variance with the spirit and tendencies and requirements of the present day (which are all considered



in the ateliers of masters like Gustave Moreau); the pupils are taught "to copy the old masters in dishonoring them," says Degas. The envois of the students in the Academy in Rome are declared to deteriorate year by year; the movement in favor of the total abolition of this costly and now useless institution in the Villa Medici was openly advocated by the *Figaro* and others of the Parisian journals in 1899, and in the present year of the Exposition the Roman correspondents declare the annual exhibition to be worse than ever.

The painters of the new generation are connected with those of the older by artists of very different talents, "eclectics" as it were, who respect at once the traditions of "the glorious past" and the substantial acquirements of the modern innovators. One of the most talented and industrious of these is M. François Flameng, the son of the celebrated engraver, Léopold; one of the most illustrious is M. Dagnan-Bouveret, who has even been classed as an Impressionist by some of the least exact or most impudent of the followers of that movement. The painter of the *Accident* and of the *Bénédiction* was awarded his first Salon medal twenty-two years ago, yet his work is still among the most important of the day, and it includes, in this supposed age of scoffing and realism, very large and important religious subjects, received with due respect and accepted as representative and most eminent works of the contemporary school. Of the largest and perhaps the most valuable of these, the *Cène* of the Salon du Champ-de-Mars of 1896, it was declared by such an authority as the *Journal des Débats* that "the work is none the less one of the most important, we would say, not only of the Salons of this year but also of this period, and quite worthy of the young master who, by the seriousness, the conscientiousness, and the elevation of his art, has furnished in our school, at an hour in which his intervention has been particularly useful and desirable, a so fortifying and encouraging example." The "none the less" of the quotation refers to the details of placing the figure of the Saviour in the exact centre of the

JULIEN DUPRÉ  
IN THE SHADE

*Loaned by the State*

PHOTOGRAVURE



*Cow and calf 1900 by B. B. B. B. B.*







composition and of causing all the light of the scene to proceed from His person, as from a patent gas-burner, in the words of an irreverent caricaturist; against these borrowings from old traditions the critic sets the modern conception of presenting the Apostles as receiving the words of the Master in perfect quietude. There are no gestures, no rising from the seats, no upsetting the salt-cellar, as in Leonardo's famous version; John puts his hand to his head, with a movement which may be intended to signify bewilderment and consternation, but which has rather the effect of being the one thing needed to complete the composition and action of the scene.

It sometimes happens that the artist can make a more impressive work of art by departing from the strict letter of his text. The intelligent spectator is of two minds in looking at this large and truly imposing canvas; and the subtlety and intensity of the modern school may find here their most characteristic exemplification, from, perhaps, either of the two points of view. It would, at first, seem obvious that the disciples would never receive in such absolute quiescence the announcement just made to them, that they would not sit, all of them, bathed in this mysterious light while their leader rose solemnly with the glass of red wine like a great jewel in his hand, unless they were indeed too stunned and bewildered to move and protest. But the painter's figures do not seem to be so stunned; rather do they sit in great silence and awe, like men assisting at some solemn mystery; or, the painter may have desired to express that these were *not* mere fishers and peasants, divinely called and yet acting humanly; or, he may have wished to paint, not an illustration of the incidents of the Last Supper as it occurred in all probability, but a presentation, a synthesis, an abstraction, as when, in an altar-piece, the saints stand at the foot of the Virgin's throne adoring the Infant still an infant. Certain it is, that the absolute quietude of this scene is most impressive; the painter has exhausted his utmost skill in portraying the strange soft

light which fills the chamber, is reflected back from the white cloth and reveals the stilled, intent, awe-struck faces watching the speaker, and the character and quality and variety of these human countenances. The head of the Christ is very solemn and very beautiful; if it be not altogether divine, it is probably because no painter can paint the divine.

Of a very different quality, much more worldly, cheerful, and varied, is the work of François Flameng, who may be accepted as the type of the historical painter of the new school, excellently grounded in his science of dates, customs, costumes, and styles of the epochs, with a prodigious facility of arrangement, a science of composition and that peculiarly modern infinite ingenuity and skill in design, never taking himself too seriously and thereby falling into heaviness, and yet capable of rising to real heights of dramatic intensity, as in his *Waterloo* of the Salon of 1898. To all these qualities M. Flameng adds a very good color sense, but in his portraits, generally marked by the same ingenuity and sense of distinction, there is felt a certain absence of the color qualities of a first-class painter. In his well-known decorations in the Sorbonne the artist emphasized in a peculiar degree some of the breakings-away from the old traditions which characterize the newer school, and some of which would seem to be more ingenious than logical,—as the relegation to the second plan, or even to the background, of the dignitaries and officials, and the thrusting into great prominence, under the nose of the spectator of the workmen, the rank and file, the proletariat. This, of course, is in consonance with the spirit of the age, etc., and a revolt against the old pompous, official art of Louis XIV. and the First Empire. M. Flameng is nevertheless sufficiently of a hero-worshipper, and has devoted a number of important works to Napoleon,—one of his most recent being a series of paintings, reproduced in large engravings, of the *Étapes* or successive stages in the career of that conqueror, *Isola Bella*, the vanquisher of Italy in the year V of the



JEAN-CHARLES CAZIN. MESNIVAL.  
LOANED BY THE CITY OF PARIS.

République; *Malmaison*, the First Consul; *Fontainebleau*, *Compiègne*, and *Saint-Cloud*, the Emperor. In these, and in his other historical or quasi-historical canvases, as in the very decorative and amusing scene—unsupported by documents—of a number of eighteenth-century beauties bathing together, the artist separates himself from the truth just enough to allow the admission of taste, of artistic skill of presentation, and thereby secures more forcibly the appearance of truth. Accuracy of design, and accuracy of historical exactness, for which we hear the critics so frequently extolling the painters, are but relative terms,—our own observation, or the instantaneous photograph, will reveal the innumerable minor departures of the designer from absolute nature, and in no museum or history of costumes will we find exactly the



trappings and appurtenances of the past age with which the historical painter presents us. In M. Flameng's works, this is true also of his compositions, nearly always marked by a certain balance and feeling for decorative effect, a *style*,—which is generally more acceptable to our eyes than the chance combinations of Nature, though it must be admitted that Nature is constantly presenting us with admirably composed arrangements. With regard to the quality of “style,” that undefinable but very positive artistic quality, it is probably true, as the conservatives assert, that the older school preserved much more of it than the younger one,—the greater men of the Académie, and the Institut and the Panthéon, Gérôme, Lefebvre, Delaunay, Baudry, Chavannes, Henner, possessing it and never wilfully throwing it away as do the men of the day frequently, M. Henri Martin, in his *Chacun sa chimère* and *Vers l'Abîme*, M. Besnard in his celebrated *Poneys* kicking away the flies, or in his putrescent corpse on the walls of the Sorbonne with the milk of life flowing from her breasts.

Perhaps it is the complete absence of this quality in the paintings of Jean Béraud which gives them their strongest characteristic, their evident insincerity, their meretricious air of smartness. “As to M. Béraud,” says the *Revue Bleue*, “it becomes more and more impossible to neglect him, since he is undoubtedly the painter the most noticed of the two Salons, the manner which he inaugurated a few years ago, of making an effect at any price and the search for the scandalous, has conducted him to a point which is no longer within the domain of the critic of art.” Such an unworthy device as transferring the scene of the Crucifixion to the heights of Montmartre and of representing the Biblical personages, the Virgin, Joseph of Arimathea, and the Magdalen under the types of that locality, would indeed seem to merit reprobation. An earlier sensational picture, the *Madeleine chez le Pharisien*, is much more dignified and far less vulgar,—indeed, it might seem to be a logical continuation of the primitive method of representing Scriptural scenes in the costumes of

JEAN-MARIE-ALFRED PARIS

AN INTRUSION

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PHOTOGRAVURE



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the artist's time, a practice revived in our day by the Saxon painter Von Uhde and imitated from him by Lhermitte, Melchers, and others. M. Béraud is more ingenious in his scheme, and the Pharisee's house is a modern Parisian one and his guests modern Parisians, selected and presented with great skill,—the artist's cleverness, in fact, defeating itself, so that the spectator in his admiration of the means employed quite overlooked the effect intended to be conveyed, or which should have been intended to be conveyed, of enforcing the Scriptural lesson anew by this modern transformation. Less than any other of these modern painters of sacred history in this guise has M. Béraud an air of believing in his theme, and the less, consequently, does he convert his audience.

Raphaël Collin, pupil of Cabanel, in a very different method, preserves many of the traditions of the older generation and breathes into them some of the breath of the new. But it is possible that he lacks somewhat of that of which M. Béraud has too much, and indeed his large canvas, *Au Bord de la Mer*, painted several years ago and exhibited in America at the Chicago Exposition of 1893, seems to remain still one of his most acceptable works. The composition is of the simplest, but the color problem presented is of the most difficult, to represent very youthful and white-skinned nude figures on a shining beach in almost the highest possible scale of luminous tones. Never to fall below the key, never to admit a discord, and yet to preserve the semblance of the infinite gradations in this elevated range, this constitutes a very difficult technical problem, quite in the spirit of the times and yet tempered by the temperance of the older school. A certain solidity of the figures is the most obvious quality that the painter has had to sacrifice, but he has so well mastered his problem that the result is very beautiful in color, tone, and atmosphere, very graceful and pleasing in design, and—what is not altogether unimportant—dignified, simple, and chaste. In later and smaller canvases the painter has attempted to repeat these harmonies in pale tones, generally, in his easel pictures, frequently simple



ÉDOUARD TOUDOUZE. AUTUMN FLOWER.  
LOANED BY THE STATE.

garden landscapes and figures, always with a pleasant summer air of refinement and grace.

Cazin is more difficult to class, if, indeed, it be necessary to classify him,—compared with the older masters of landscapes, Harpignies and Français, or even with more modern ones, such as Binet and Tanzi, he is indeed of the moderns, if we apply the modern touchstone of intentness of sympathy. He has also that peculiarly modern quality, of being sensitive to the harmonies of nature at the decline of the day, the *paysages en sourdine*, “the sober charm and the human melancholy” of the landscape. “Intimacy is

the proper domain of Cazin,” says one appreciator of his work, in the *Revue de Paris*. “He has a manner soft, fine, and tender of saying things, never forcibly, never in excess. He speaks of Nature in the hours of introspection, in soft mornings, in dreamy evenings; she replies to him, and it is these confidences spoken under the breath that he repeats to us. . . . Light, fine and attentive, retaining of nature less her strength than her delicacy, not her grandiose aspects but her natural sweetness and mildness and her familiar elegance,

his pictures have an exquisite simplicity, a penetrating accent. . . .” This is true, but less true is the judgment of M. Paul Desjardins in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, that his rare merit consists in having “no *parti pris* in his visions, no conventions, no peculiar manner;” it *is* a certain *parti pris* in all his canvases that interferes with the spectator’s enjoyment of them, a very familiar arrangement of tones that renders his canvases recognizable at almost any distance, and a certain similarity of texture, quite apart from the local color, that applies more or less evenly to skies, chaumières, foliage, and foreground. This is peculiarly noticeable when a number of his works are brought together in one exhibition,—generally a most unwise thing to do for any painter, and especially so for any one who plays persistently in a minor key. In fact, it is one of the practical disadvantages of this modern school of painting, as it is of any subtle, refined, sensitive form of art that appeals only to certain moods and natures, that long and continuous manifestations, practical, workaday exhibitions of it, as a large collection of pictures in a gallery or even a too-long Wagnerian opera, end by fatiguing all but the most faithful. Art carries with it its own Nemesis in that the more it perfects itself, the higher and purer its quality, the more completely removed from the dross of the earth, the smaller the audience to which it can hope to appeal, and the sooner wearied even that audience. The reason for this ordinance of the Fates is obvious,—nowhere, excepting possibly in theology, is it intended that virtue shall inevitably be rewarded, that cakes and ale shall be necessarily distributed to him who has done the best.

It may also be said of the work of this painter, as it may, alack! of so many others, that a certain fatigue, or at least a certain unwillingness to greatly dare, as in his youth, seems to manifest itself in his later canvases: From the painter of the *Judith* of some fifteen or twenty years ago more might have been expected than the present series of admirable repetitions of minor themes. It may well be that the genres



of to-day are as good painting as the much larger and more learned canvas in which the Biblical scene was repeated with curious modern variations and annotations, but they are at least less enterprising and ambitious,—and Michelet's text seems still to hold good for French art as for all others: "Invent, or perish!"

On the other hand, there is M. Roybet, who received his first medal in 1866, and the *médaille d'honneur* at the Salon twenty-seven years afterward, and who seemed to have renewed his youth and made his fortune with two or three great canvases, *painter's* canvases, in which, it was averred, Frans Hals lived again. The very subjects were Flemish and of the time of Frans Hals, buxom and opulent *commières* serving in kitchens and cellars, roystering, broad-brimmed soldiers of fortune, swaggering and love-making. In theme and composition and design these canvases were distinguished by an admirable *savoir, brio*, and never were there any which seemed more vehemently to reclaim all the charm of fat and Rubenesque color, and they were accordingly accepted as being all that they should be. But, in the words of an English critic, "this color suggests rather tints over black and white than pigments honestly employed with vigor and knowledge in imitation of Nature." It would be difficult to describe more accurately the peculiarly disappointing quality of this painting; and it would be regrettable if the modern French school were forced to rely upon these canvases for its rivalry with the Flemings and the Venetians. In a still larger and more ambitious canvas, M. Roybet essayed the great historical art,—at the Salon of 1893, he appeared with his *Charles le Téméraire à Nesles*, the scene of the pillage and massacre in the church of the little town of Picardy on its capture by the Burgundians, in June, 1472. The painter is said to have greatly exaggerated this massacre for his own pictorial purposes, and the complete suit of tilting armor in which the duke appears is said to be later in date and quite different in destination from this siege and this use of it. However, the painter is able

LIONEL ROYER

MARBAUX; EYLAU, FEBRUARY 8, 1807

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PHOTOGRAVURE



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Colonel Royce      MARB AUX; EYLAU      FEB 8, 1807





to quote the words of Charles himself, that in the nave of the church "*il voyoit moult belle chose et qu'il avoit avec lui moult bons bouchers.*" From the triforium above, the fugitives who had sought shelter there are precipitated to the pavement below; and the next day all those who have escaped will be hanged or mutilated. In the midst of this scene of horror and confusion the duke sits impassive on his great black war-horse; the struggling multitude in the immediate foreground affords the painter abundant opportunity to display all the resources of his invention and of his palette. But, as was objected at the time, the work lacks unity, "that sacred unity without which there is no perfection in the arts, which conciliates all the various parts, legalizes them, sets them in their best light, gives them all their value . . ."

It is not necessary to accept the current statements of the decadence of the present schools of painting in France to bear witness to the supremacy of modern French sculpture. Never since the Renaissance has been seen such a revival of the art of the statuary; in it all the peculiar qualities of the race seemed to find their most apt æsthetic expression. To the long list of glories achieved since the days of Louis XIV, if not indeed since the Gothic, it would seem difficult to add a new demonstration, a new and revivifying influence, and yet this it is claimed has been done,—by the art of Rodin and by the revival of sculpture in color, tinted in the marble or by a combination of various colored marbles, of marbles with bronze or other metals, or even with precious and semi-precious stones. The leader, and so far much the most distinguished of the practitioners of this latter form of the art is M. Gérôme, the veteran; the controversies that rage over the work of the author of the *Porte d'Enfer* and the *Balzac* have been among the most vehement in history, and though the official victory seems to rest with the artist, it will probably be found—as on various previous occasions—that the official decision was based on intemperate judgment. At present, however,—fanned by the opposition to the

formulas of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts which is very much the vogue,—the general verdict is decidedly adverse to that of the *Société des gens de lettres* in the matter of the *Balzac*. Much too great a master to be catalogued and classified with the ordinary, it was proposed to give M. Rodin a special garden and a pavilion of his own in the grounds of the Exposition; but as this would have mutilated the sculpture exhibition, this Exposition was transferred to a convenient locality in the Place de l'Alma, just outside the enclosure, and officially inaugurated, like the other. In conjunction with two other seekers after “the direct inspiration of nature,”—“Desbois, the signer of marvellous pewters, and Bourdelle, a poet whose sculpture is harmonic,”—M. Rodin opened in the spring of 1900 an Académie in the Boulevard Montparnasse, and spread consternation in the Rue Bonaparte. “Under the conduct of this triumvirate of men of talent, a generation of artists will mount, we do not doubt, to the assault of the ancient statuary formulas of that art, cold, dull, official, conventional, which still triumphs somewhat too much in the flanks of the new palaces of the Exposition.

“In a few years, thanks to the initiative of the master, Rodin, modern sculpture, definitely set in the direction toward life, will give to matter, intelligently dominated, the thrill of the flesh, sorrow or joy.” (Louis Gaillard.) The best work of the artist is so excellent, so subtle, refined, and truly living, that it presents a most extraordinary contrast with much of his later, larger, and more monumental work in which these rhapsodists mistake for the “thrill of the flesh” various affectations and monstrosities. M. Rodin has need to be defended from his friends, for, the *mot d'ordre* having been given, the feeble protestations of his few critics have been swept away and overwhelmed in such a torrent of indiscriminating and extravagant, and frequently ignorant, eulogy from the whole tribe of *littérateurs*, essayists, and *journalistes* of every degree, as probably no other living artist has received.

No such measures are taken with regard to the painters who, some twenty years ago, were recognized as the chiefs of French art, and who had received at the hands of an appreciative government and of their admiring fellow-artists all the honors which this art had to bestow. Most of these still exhibit, but, it may be said, are to-day judged on their merits, and are compelled to listen to condemnatory judgments which would formerly have not been uttered and which—it must be asserted—are too frequently founded upon facts. It would



ÉMILE BOULARD. STUDY.

be easy to multiply quotations in which this freedom of speech runs into intemperateness, to the great injury of the portion of undoubted truth which it contains,—it arriving only occasionally that the scribe speaks according to the Gospel. We have already given the summary condemnation of two of M. Falguière's most important works; M. Bonnat's



decorations in the ceiling of the new Hôtel de Ville were judged with equal severity (and justification); the painting of M. Gérôme and M. Bouguereau has long been an offence to the literary men (and is not altogether approved of by the painters); M. Gervex is thus disposed of in the *Revue Bleue* in an article on the Salon of 1896: "Here is a whole panel devoted to M. Gervex. Up to the present time, he has offered us only isolated portraits. This time, his ambition has exalted itself to the point of presenting us with a group of figures assembled in the same frame. Also, nothing can equal the insignificance of this family scene in which he who painted it has certainly displayed less inventive effort than the cheapest of photographers. The latter, at least, would have taken the trouble to vary the attitudes a little. It is quite necessary to say it, however harsh it may seem, we are unable to see here anything but the work of a house-painter, and the materials with which it is executed would suffice to suggest the resemblance. . . ." That liberal and enterprising journal, *L'Aurore*, in the course of an article on the Décennale exhibition of French art at the Exposition of 1900, began by commenting upon a certain feature of the general arrangement of the art galleries which had previously not passed unnoticed in other quarters:

"Thirty-six salles, some of which are immense, on the ground-floor and on the first floor of the Grand Palais, enclose that which the princes of French Art have judged to be the most worthy among the works painted within the last ten years to be exposed to the admiration of the world.

"It is necessary to declare bluntly that the princes of French Art have, under these circumstances, demonstrated themselves to be the most finished vulgarians [*ont fait preuve d'une goujaterie parfaite*], which fact is in nowise excused or ameliorated by the eminent superiority of the canvases with which they have loaded the walls. These messieurs have taken for themselves, and for a few privileged ones whom they

ÉDOUARD-BERNARD DEBAT-PONSAN

CHRIST ON THE MOUNT

(SAINT JOHN XIII, 34)

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PHOTOGRAVURE



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have deigned to favor, three-quarters of the space devoted to the fine arts in this Exposition to which all the nations have been invited. The foreigners have at their disposal only the fourth quarter. Germany, the United States, Great Britain, Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Austria, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Russia, Japan, etc., can, therefore, hang proportionally two or three paintings where France hangs a hundred. Our artists have a singular fashion of comprehending and practising hospitality. They have thought, doubtless, that, in excluding the others, they would be able to demonstrate irrefutably that they alone existed and that they alone were endowed with genius. Alas! they have demonstrated irrefutably only the boorishness of their great minds [*la mufflerie de leurs grandes âmes*].”

With regard to this, it may be said that these artists have only followed the example of other great International exhibitions, in which the nation giving the festival, so to speak, always reserves the largest space for itself, and that, in this case, they had more justification in the fact of the recognized greater importance of the French school. But the critic goes on:

“M. Benjamin-Constant has assurance, that is well understood, and no one better than he is able to give to the commonplace an air of *brio* and of cheap mastery. But is that a sufficient reason for him to take possession of square kilomètres of wall space? His *Urbain II à Toulouse* takes up nearly an entire panel. And the immensity of its dimensions constitutes the whole of its merits. It has been said that this Pope with a figure in brick-work, mounted upon a horse in brick and certainly incapable of taking a step, for he is not living,—it has been said that this pompous procession, under a burning sun, is a fine work. It is not true. It has been said that the aged *Reine d’Angleterre*, painted in the same note, seated like a heavy stone idol, loaded with tinsel and tawdry ornaments, in a hall of her palace at Windsor, is a superb canvas, and the journals of the day, if I remember rightly, lamented, some time ago, that

the disrespectful sea had caused it, in the course of the voyage, some damage, I forget what. The sea did not commit so great a crime! These enormous machines are but trickery, deceivings of the eye and colored humbug,—just the same as these portraits of women *à grand flafla* by the same artist, in which there are dresses and stuffs, but no women. Apart from the portrait of his son and a canvas in which may be seen a good example of his former work, M. Benjamin-Constant exhibits to us nothing which does much honor, either to him or to any one.

“And this is true of other *machines kilométriques* which have already appalled the hardy and made pause the brave in the annual Salons. For example,—the *Lady Godiva*, of M. Jules Lefebvre; the *Charles le Téméraire*, of M. Roybet; the *Distribution des récompenses*, of M. Gervex; the *Pont Alexandre III*, of M. Roll; two or three canvases of crowds and of massacre, by M. Tattegrain; the pretentious and untrue imaginations in which M. Henri Martin exhausts himself in endeavoring unsuccessfully to imitate and take to himself the work of Puvis de Chavannes and the neo-impressionists; the *Cène*, melodramatic, turgid and with improbable lighting, of M. Dagnan; the great bedevilment of *Saint François à la charrue*, of M. Chartran; and his hideous *Léon XIII*; the *Mouton de Toulouse*, upset in the clouds, of M. J.-P. Laurens; and, above all, the *militaireries* of M. Detaille, the painter of the army. It is evident that the latter has wished to prepare his own apotheosis. He has unpacked all his baggage,—the Czar, the Czarine, Félix Faure, the generals, the grand-dukes, the foot-soldiers and the horsemen of all colors, the Academicians, the firemen, M. Poubelle and M. Lépine, all this is on parade, filling canvases without end and which, notwithstanding the overloading, seem empty, so much are these people and these animals hollow, paralyzed, in wood, so much does this painting *f . . . le camp*, as the duchesses say.”

As will be seen, it is no longer considered necessary to speak respectfully of the great names in contemporary French art. Rather

curiously, M. Henner seems to escape from this reviling better than any of his immediate contemporaries, and after him probably Harpignies, Jules Breton, and Fantin-Latour. These would scarcely be thought to be names to find honor in the camp of the iconoclasts, and indeed the iconoclasts, for all their noise, represent only a section. Their enthusiasm, in the new sculpture, is reserved for Rodin, but the more impartial judgment of posterity will probably prefer the saner and far better balanced work of Gérôme. Few things in the history of art have been more remarkable than the prodigious activity, invention, and sense of style of this painter whose *Combat de Coqs* in the Luxem-



P.-FRANC LAMY. PORTRAIT.

bourg is dated 1846, and who, at an age when men much his juniors content themselves with endeavoring to repeat their past successes, flings himself into a comparatively new art, inventing, experimenting, finding new uses for his materials, and new materials and more acceptable, dignified, classic themes for sculpture in a year than most of the eminent sculptors, at home and abroad, do in a life-time. It is rather curious that this artist whose painting, like that of his very first



picture, has remained "thin," and consequently contemned, should be the first to revive successfully the introduction of color into statuary, and that this logical, academical scholar, preserver of the classic traditions, should lend his countenance to an art which, notwithstanding the great example of the Greeks, certainly remains somewhat illogical and either barbaric or decadent. Pure sculpture, which contents itself with the reproduction of form alone, is a legitimate mode of expression; painting on the flat surface, which undertakes to represent form, color, atmosphere, and perspective, is another,—either of these, within their respective limits, may be pushed to the utmost perfection of representation. But the sculptor who introduces color is legally bound not to push his truthfulness of representation too far, under penalty of falling into "wax works" and thereby becoming offensive; his art, more or less tentative and decorative, oscillates between two extremes without venturing to approach either too nearly. The antique Roman busts in marble, porphyry, and bronze, works of a later and baser art, do not commend themselves to modern imitation; the modern craftsmen are much less violent in their contrasting materials, but are still pursued by problems which are not merely literary and sophisticated but of actual artistic importance as having to do with the actual artistic success of the work.

In his famous *Bellone*, the life-size statue of the goddess of war, Gérôme has pushed his simulation of nature very far, but he has not been able to avoid the inevitable inconsistencies. The dilated eyes and the open mouth are treated very carefully and realistically,—the former especially, the bluish-white surrounding the dark eyeballs and fringed above and below with black lashes, were it not for its fixed expression, might readily be taken for the human orb. But the flesh of the face, arms, hands, and feet is represented by the nearly uniform tint of ivory; the metal of the sword, and apparently of the helmet and buckler, is real metal, while the silver under-garment and the reddish overmantle

JULES-JOSEPH LEFEBVRE

LADY GODIVA

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FACSIMILE WATER-COLOR











are only approximately resembling. The sculptor has displayed his archæology in restoring the antique casque, buckler, and glaive,—the latter having a double barb like a fish-hook in the blade near the guard; he has called upon all the resources of his art and his science to aid him in summoning from the mists of antiquity, in giving her again life and breath, the terrible figure of the Roman goddess, and he has added, at her side, with a fine disregard for his archæology, the hooded Indian serpent. Nevertheless, these are but minor details, and the criticism that has been put forth by the conventional souls—that there is “too much grimace”—is even less valid; the discretion with which the expression is arrested when it is on the point of exceeding bounds, but not before it has been carried to a surprising degree of intensity, is remarkable. It would have been easy to represent a screaming virago,—indeed modern French sculpture is responsible for at least two or three figures of this description, quite as offensive and void of any quality of art as the sculptors’ original models; in this statue, the study is fine and subtle, the fierce eyes, the fury and indignation to which the mouth gives utterance, the thin, nervous arm brandishing the blade, the straining feet and the hissing snake, all combine to give fire and life to a figure which yet remains fine and imposing in its “clamorous silence.” The beauty and richness of the materials, it is needless to say, add very greatly to the effect of this figure, and are curiously appropriate to the theme, which would have been but lifeless in the pallid marble or in the monotonous tone of bronze. In this choice of a subject on which to exercise his new methods, Gérôme’s intellect once more asserted its superiority.

In the beautiful statue, also life size, of M. Barrias, *Nature se dévoilant*, which in the crowded *nef* of the Grand Palais of the Exposition of 1900 attracts more popular attention than any other work of sculpture, the use of the materials is less elaborate and the imitation of nature carried much less far. Here, the flesh is represented by the white marble, the

eyeballs are slightly tinted blue and the lips pink. This can scarcely be said to be satisfactory, but is rendered necessary by the strong contrast of the veined red porphyry of the heavy clinging drapery, confined under the breasts by a ceinture with a great green scarab, and the heavy veil of onyx which the figure lifts with both arms. As the theme is much less intense than Gérôme's, the slighter and more strictly decorative workmanship seems more appropriate.

A third representative work, and one in which these methods are more artistically and satisfactorily carried out than in the two preceding, is one of the later productions of Jean Dampt, the *Paix au Foyer*. In this truly charming statuette, one of the most complete works of the new decorative school, and one in which the artistic quality is of the highest, the slight variation in the materials employed and the exquisite taste of the sculptor combine to render the pretty, graceful theme with a completeness of interpretation which is remarkable. The figure sits smiling faintly and very peacefully in the chimney-place, the family dog nestling beside her, and the family cat asleep in her lap, her chin on the sitter's hand. In her hair, on each side, are great open flowers, softly tinted; the dress, of white ivory, like the flesh, is spotted with little iridescent spangles which make flowers; the overrobe, the dog, and the cat are in a gray. Back of the seat rises a tall panel enamelled in bluish greens in delicate relief, with the title on a scroll; the seat, the footstool, the floor, the niche in which the group is placed and which may be closed in with folding-doors, duly bolted with little bolts, are all in admirably finished wood-work in which the fullest advantage is taken of the beauty of the material. The exquisite finish of everything, the very happy combination of the materials, the dulcet charm of the subtle, smiling, pretty head, are all delightful. In this work, the sculptor has abundantly redeemed the shortcomings of some of his earlier productions, as the *Mélusine*, in which the inharmonious combination of steel and marble is not compensated for by any grace of interpretation.

To return to Gérôme and the older men of the contemporary school, now liable to such inconsiderate treatment. The sculptor of the *Bellone*, notwithstanding his seventy-odd years, and his multitudinous work in sculpture, still sends frequently to the annual Salons paintings marked by all his old sense of style and balance, of the dignity of his theme,



JEAN-PAUL SINIBALDI. MANON LESCAUT  
LOANED BY THE AMIENS MUSEUM.



and by his old science of composition and design,—the Saviour riding in Jerusalem over the palm-strewn road, Daphnis and Chloe leading their herds, of black goats and white sheep, through a well-ordered Arcadian valley. But it is in his numerous bronze statuettes and by some of his monumental work, as the life-sized equestrian statue of the Duc d'Aumale, inaugurated at the Château at Chantilly, 15th October, 1899, that he has most distinguished, not only his own later years, but the national art. Of the great variety of subjects which these include, four are devoted to the great conquerors, Bonaparte, Frederick the Great, Cæsar, and Tamerlane, and of these equestrian figures, two at least are of an extraordinary originality. The Bonaparte, riding triumphantly into Cairo, may be seen in the Luxembourg,—a most beautiful specimen of the bronze-founder's art, as indeed are all his recent works, the great establishment of Siot-Decauville bringing to the reproduction of these sculptures a completeness of finish, a knowledge of *patines*, of all the infinite possibilities of the metal, which give it a new life and a new field of art. In the Luxembourg statuette, the youthful general, riding an Arab horse gorgeously caparisoned in the Oriental manner, and with his slender figure dignified and supported by a silk cloak which falls from his shoulders, doffs his hat to the plaudits with an easy and proud air. All the innumerable details of this figure, the heavy embroidery of the saddle-cloth and the headstall, the metal-work of the scabbard and stirrups and holster, even the silk lining of the interior of the chapeau, are finished with a perfect care which, it would seem, would inevitably degenerate into finicalness and affectation, but which, in this as in other instances, is redeemed by a certain elevation, by a largeness of style which demonstrates its perfect compatibility with exceeding finish of workmanship.

The *Frédéric le Grand*, equally spirited,—but far less serene,—attentive, masterful, almost querulous, is completely different, though a companion piece. The heavier, Prussian horse paws the ground

GABRIEL FERRIER

THE FLOWER OF THE SERAGLIO

PHOTOGRAVURE











impatiently; the king, grasping his inseparable crutch-cane, thrusts his head forward, a little on one side,—all the Frederick of Voltaire. The *Tamerlan*, first exhibited at the Salon of 1898, is an extraordinary novelty in the way of an equestrian figure,—startling in the statuette, it would be almost appalling in the life-size bronze. The armor of the rider and the multitudinous trappings of the horse are of an unheard-of strangeness; the conqueror, short and most unheroic in figure, rides with very short stirrups, carries his bow in his hand, his round buckler slung at his back, and an Oriental quiver full of arrows at his side; under the shadow of his heavy helmet, he opens his mouth with a curious and ferocious air, and the horse, stretching out his armored head and neck, repeats this action as though he, too, yearned for more slaughter. By his side is the standard, struck into the ground and standing upright, and under him a great pile of severed heads, of warriors, women, and children, many of them with frightful wounds, and all of them wrought with infinite care and endless variety. All this grotesqueness and horror do not destroy the sculptural quality of the work, the sense of form and balance of proportions and action,—the monstrous uncouthness and affectation that a lesser artist would have made of this theme are not to be thought of without a shudder.

In the *Jules-César*, M. Gérôme undoubtedly has been guilty of a piece of “literary” art. With that genius for “subjects” which is one of his most striking characteristics, the sculptor has represented the conqueror of Gaul at the moment of his crossing the Rubicon, mounting the farther bank, horse and rider and the very reeds on the shore pushed forward by the irresistible wind of Destiny! The master of many legions, in his uncomfortable Roman costume, bare-legged and bare-armed, stirrupless, crouching on the back of his great horse and almost overwhelmed by his cloak which blows over his head, does not present an imposing figure, and, indeed, would seem to have been sacrificed to the incident. But what an addition to the poverty-stricken

list of available subjects for sculpture! In the field of sacred history may be cited two or three of this artist's groups,—the Saviour (from his painting of the entry into Jerusalem) and the Virgin, in the Flight into Egypt. In the former,—which might be classed as a work of pure decoration, so curiously well are the perfectly natural and realistic features treated,—the Lord, simply draped and holding a great branch of palm upright in his left hand, sits on the croup of the she-ass and lifts his right hand in benediction. In the original painting, the sculptural qualities of this group were very striking, and the white ass and her droll little foal following would alone have been considered a *trouvaille* by most anecdotic painters. In the second of these statuettes, the Virgin sits sideways on her donkey, her bare feet drooping by his side, and with the Infant sheltered in the heavy folds of her mantle.

To contrast with these, the artist has to show a group of softer feminine subjects, *Des Aphroditales*, in which an even greater ingenuity has been displayed, as in reviving such threadbare subjects as dancing figures. One of the most admirable of these is the charming figurine in the hand of his slightly tinted marble statue in the Luxembourg, the *Tanagra*. This little dancer, a worthy sister to her Bœotian ancestors, and beautifully colored in the marble, poises herself on one foot, holds a gilded ball behind her, and thrusts her pretty head through a golden hoop held in the other hand. Gérôme, rightfully enamored of her, has reproduced her in bronze, slightly enlarged, and in the very best of the bronze-founder's workmanship, but she does not seem to have gained by the transformation. (It is worthy of remark that the sculptor-painter has reproduced on canvas the execution of this statue of *Tanagra*, in his own atelier, the living model sitting stiffly in the required pose by the side of the nearly completed marble, and the veteran artist on the platform in front of them giving a finishing touch to the thighs with his gloved hands. Among the numerous articles in the

workroom is a larger figure of the dancer, behind the principal group.) In another of these statuettes of *La Danse*, and in which the beauty of the finish of the gilded and toned bronzes supplements admirably the grace of the sculptor's conception, a novel effect is obtained by the lifting of the heavy overskirt to show the clinging inner robe of different material. This dancer also has a golden ball, which she holds in front of her, her breasts, her arms, and her feet are bare, and she balances neatly on one foot and advances the other. Still another is a *Danseuse Mauresque*, thrumming on a species of Oriental lyre as she balances and sways. Then there is a nude *Bacchante*, in bronze and also in tinted marble, steadying upright her thyrsus up which a very little Cupid or faun struggles, as up a tree; a nude *Bethsabée*, at her



PAUL-LOUIS BOUCHARD. HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFFS, MOSCOW.



bath, swaying over backward to sponge the back of her shoulder, and which is interesting only from the novelty of the pose; a *Plaudite Cives*, in which the grinning gladiator bows and smirks beside the dead lion which he has just vanquished in single combat, etc., etc. A noble baggage to add in this later day to all that illustrious in ancient history, the *Combat de Coqs*, the *Ave Cæsar*, the *Mort de César*, the *Eminence Grise*!

M. Jules-Joseph Lefebvre, Prix de Rome in 1861, no longer paints Diana and her nymphs with a grace, a *savoir*, and perhaps an air of self-satisfaction, that irritated the Intransigentes; in his later days he has confined himself mostly to portraits, and it is by a collection of some half-dozen of these that he has elected to be represented at the Paris Exposition of 1900, adding only his large canvas of *Lady Godiva*. In this important painting, the restoration of the deserted mediæval street is the most important thing, and is exceedingly well rendered; the heavy gray horse that carries the lady, the anxious attendant who leads him by the bridle, and the nude figure of the rider, are rendered with M. Lefebvre's old skill, but it may be thought that the uplifted head and set expression of the latter are somewhat more conventional than reasonable. M. Léon Bonnat, who received his first medal forty-nine years ago, has of late endeavored to relieve the monotony of his interminable series of portraits by such diversions as his landscape study, *Pays Basque*, of the Salon of 1899, and his somewhat earlier animal study, of an eagle swooping on a hare. In the former, nearly all the peculiarities of the *peinture lourde* and the blackness of tones of M. Bonnat disappear, and we have a sufficiently literal and solidly painted rendering of a pleasant French by-road. But it is by such portraits as those of Renan and Taine that this artistic reputation will be handed down to posterity. M. Henner, as has been said, is one of the very few chiefs of the older school who has maintained his authority without in the slightest degree modifying his principles and practices, and to those who began to regret the apparent

JEAN-JACQUES HENNER  
THE LEVITE OF EPHRAIM  
(JUDGES XIX)

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PHOTOGRAVURE



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U. B. Linn





failing of this wonderful brush he replied by his admirable *Lévite d'Ephraïm*, which in 1898 secured him the médaille d'honneur at the Salon and the grade of Commandeur in the Légion d'Honneur. There is something curious in this long and steadily maintained triumph, so universally recognized at home and abroad, and maintained by apparently the simplest means. Yet no imitator has ever caught the trick of this luminous flesh-painting; and no imitator can, naturally, ever hope to catch the style, the sense of poetry, the expression of mystery, which make of a painter an artist. Few themes would be thought to be less promising for a poetical and mysterious rendering than this unpleasant Biblical story; but it is quite possible that the painter, casting about for a title for his canvas, should have welcomed this so plausible one. A previous work, the *Christ au Linceul*, was less favorably received as being less of a complete theme; and the many presentations of auburn-haired nymphs in wonderful twilights will long be counted as among the artistic treasures of the age.

The Paris Exposition of 1900 presents in the galleries of fine arts, as do all other exhibitions of paintings, a somewhat disproportionate number of portraits, generally much less interesting to the average visitor than any other class of paintings, and yet for which the explanation is obvious,—the much greater number produced, the desire of the painters to advertise themselves in this most useful and universal method of bread-winning, and the very considerable number of sitters, past, present, and prospective. The portrait art of France is justly considered as one of the national glories, from the time of the Clouets; even those most completely estranged from the methods, the conceptions, the very end and aim of the art of such leaders as David and Ingres, are obliged to recognize in some of their presentations of their contemporaries a mastery which it is idle to dispute. The English—with that fine assurance which is sometimes thought, quite erroneously, to be a peculiarly English trait—nevertheless maintain that in

this particular branch of art their superiority over their neighbors south of the Channel is incontestable; not only did the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of his contemporaries and immediate successors rise far above that of Nattier, Mignard, Largillière, Boucher, and the rest, "by virtue of their color, execution, observation, and style," but also is the best French portraiture of the present day far inferior to the best Anglo-Saxon work. Especially is this true since the appearance of "the *débâcle* which appears to be threatening the Art of France,"—a *débâcle* which, it must be confessed, the French themselves discuss largely. But the English critics—with their fatal and incurable habit of importing alien considerations into their technical judgments—find such facts as that, *e.g.*, one of M. Jean-Paul Laurens's sitters, in a recent London exhibition of French paintings (very possibly one of the artist's sons) is "an extremely affected, neurotic, and uninteresting young man," legitimate ground for art criticism.

M. Laurens, like all his contemporaries, paints portraits, and as he is an artist with an, apparently at least, much wider range than many of them, MM. Lefebvre, Bonnat, Henner, Bouguereau, Carolus-Duran, he infuses into these human studies a much greater vitality. At the Salon of 1900, he is represented by a portrait of the former president of the Conseil Municipal which is considered to be at once one of the most vigorous and most severe representations of a citizen of the present age, one which, says M. Arsène Alexandre, "certainly those who come after us will regard with the curiosity which we ourselves feel before the great portraits of the past." At the Exposition Universelle he exhibits three or four of these portraits, two of them being those of his two sons, and, in addition, four or five of his most important recent historical and decorative works, including the very striking canvas of the Salon of 1893—the *Saint Jean Chrysostôme*.

Certainly this presentation of history does not lack in vigor. A less courageous artist would have hesitated before presenting the saint

with the "golden mouth" in such a tempest of brazen, or iron, oratory, and with such an accentuation of sinewy, claw-like hands and disgraceful bare skull-cap. The very lofty tribune or pulpit from which he denounces, so lofty that no sign of the congregation below appears, is perhaps but a slight exaggeration of those of the ancient churches; this interior is that of the Constantinian basilica of Byzantium, and the most interested auditor of the very few visible is the Empress Eudoxia, wife of the Emperor Arcadius, and who is thus denounced to her face for her ambition, her cupidity, and her other sins. At the back of the species of loge in which the royal party appear may be perceived a glimpse of the Imperial palace; the church itself has not been yet embellished and decorated by the sovereign munificence, and



EUGÈNE BULAND. BRETONS PRAYING.  
LOANED BY THE CITY OF QUIMPER.



its sombre bareness corresponds with the dramatic nature of the theme, and with the forceful and yet restrained execution of the painting. It is small wonder that the empress, irritated at the eloquence of this uncourtly court preacher, ended by sending him into that exile in which he died, it was said, of fatigue.

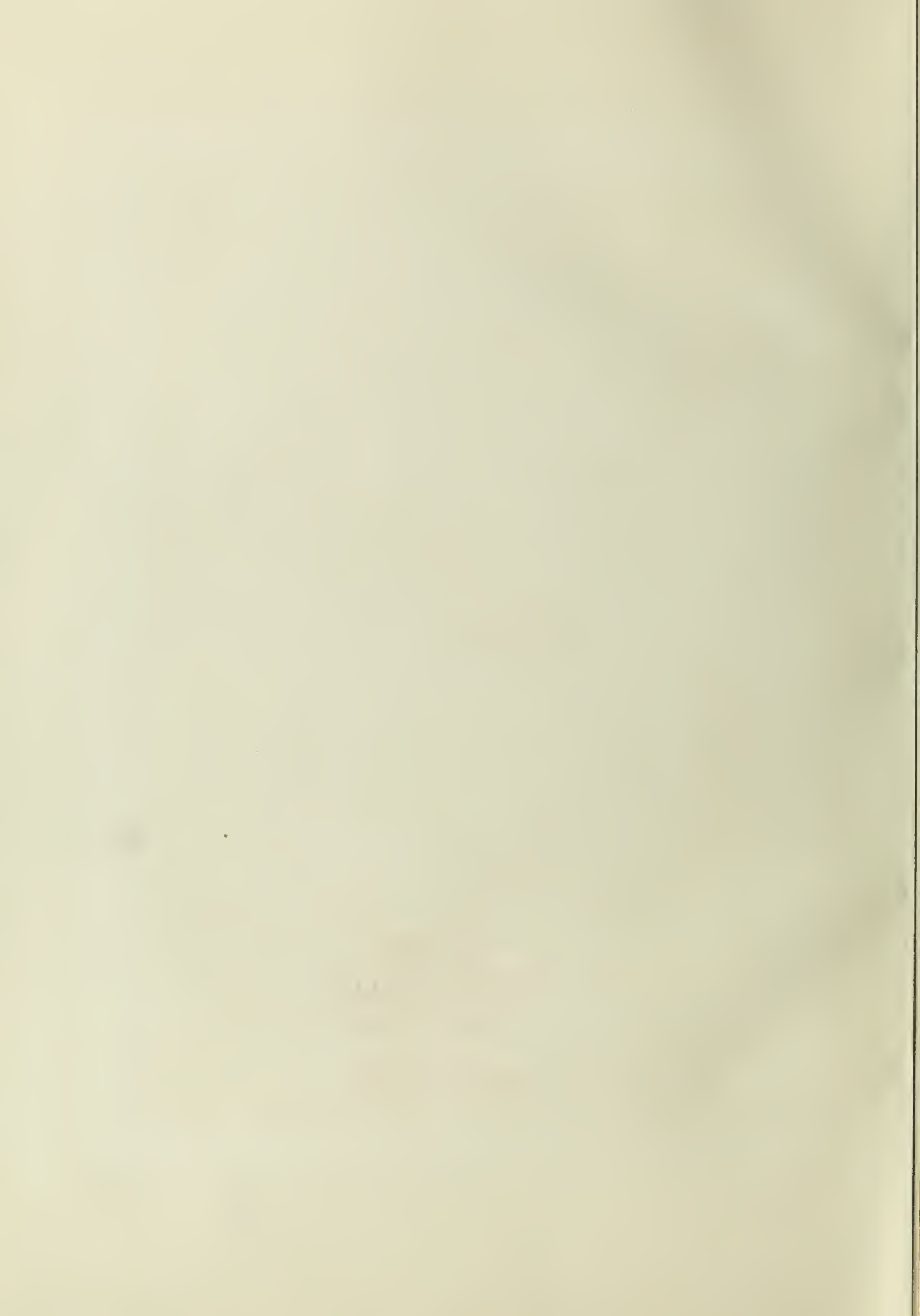
This painting is the property of the city of Toulouse, and to the Museum of that city belongs also the artist's large decoration of *Toulouse contre Montfort*, symbolizing the victory of the municipality over Simon de Montfort, intended for the ceiling of the Salle des Illustres, and first exhibited at the Salon of 1899. The conception and composition of this work, in its combination of realism and allegory, is of the most hardy,—below appear the walls of the mediæval city, with the mediæval engines of war that defend it rising high against the sky, this sky being peopled with figures of saints, muses, and other personifications, the Virgin in glory and, nearer in the clouds, the lion of Montfort overthrown, pierced by a shaft and trampled down the sky by the lamb of Toulouse. All this is rendered with sufficient vigor and distinctness of brush-work. M. Laurens has learned something of the commonly accepted requirements of decorative painting since he first painted the death of Sainte Geneviève on the walls of the Panthéon (and nearly demolished the stone wall in so doing); his ceiling in the Odéon Theatre is much more decorative, in every sense of the word, and is, moreover, one of the very few perfectly successful attempts in these plafonds to recognize the spectator's point of view from below. This he does by representing his figures floating horizontally across the ceiling, just as they would appear if seen from below, and without any unpleasant perspective of converging upright lines. In the Toulouse ceiling he reverts to the ordinary upright composition, as though the painting was to remain in a perpendicular position.

The *belle prose*, as it has very neatly been termed, of M. Laurens's art has nearly always found its most congenial themes in the history

PAUL CHABAS  
HAPPY FROLIC

*Loaned by the State*

ETCHED BY A. ARDALL











and legends of the Dark Ages, and in some of his most recent decorative designs, executed for the tapestry-weavers of the Gobelins, this mediæval accent is well imitated. The best of these is probably the large upright cartoon exhibited at the Exposition, *Le Tournoi*, giving with a naïveté and plausibleness of detail that is quite in the spirit of the theme the preparations for the tournament. In the distance is seen the end of the listed field, surrounded by the benches of spectators; nearer, the attendants and esquires are waiting, with the horses, lances, and shields of the champions, and on a draped table at the right are ranged their great tilting helmets. Down a long stairway at the left they come themselves, armed at all points except their heads, each one holding in his gauntleted fist the slender fingers of his lady, who walks beside him, the foremost one lifting her right hand in encouraging speech. This design is interesting, as are all intelligent attempts to restore or imitate a vanished art, in the points of departure from the original,—M. Laurens has thought, very justly, that it was not necessary to follow closely all the eccentricities of mediæval design, while preserving certain of the necessary mannerisms; a kind of hieratic stiffness, a great seriousness, a certain dramatic tenseness, a Gothic absence of grace and prettiness. Much less fortunate is the design exhibited at the Salon of 1900 for another of these tapestries, *Jeanne d'Arc*,—Jeanne and her companions come riding out of the skirt of a wood to find a saint all in white, standing with his sword and his foot on the throat of the overthrown dragon, and pointing to them the way, with the legend: "*Ton chemin est préparé.*" This seems to have no distinction either as mediæval or modern; and even the stout Dunois might be expected to manifest some emotion upon coming suddenly upon this unexpected roadside incident.

It has been said of this painter that his qualities, good and bad, were the direct result of his fixed resolution to add nothing to his personal vision, to render the theme as it presented itself to him.

Upon this rule of artistic conduct volumes have been written; the result is, evidently, to confine the practitioner strictly to his own resources, without any outside aid, and it may be that to this are due the imperfections of M. Laurens's technique,—as in his important landscape study of a few years ago, the *Lauraguais*, a theme almost imposing in its sombre simplicity and restraint, and yet rendered with a poverty of technical execution that was curious.

M. Benjamin-Constant is one of the older men who are most vehemently accused of participating in the decline of the contemporary art. It does appear to be demonstrated that his work is inferior to that of his prime, and that his present canvases, as compared with the



HENRI GERVEX. PORTRAIT OF Mlle. S.—

Oriental subjects of twenty years ago, with which he made his reputation, and which he later abandoned through weariness of the themes, are comparatively thin and poor. In some of his later portraits, as in the richly and solidly painted heads of his two sons, bearded young men sitting together, nearly all his old qualities seem to assert themselves,—the character of the figure, its construction, an almost too rich color, an ease of composition. In others, as in the important full-length of Madame Serge Von Derwies of the Salon of 1899, and in the circular one of Madame Emile Fourton, this desire for pomp of color reappears, and in the latter, accompanied by a vividness of characterization that is striking. But it is to be noticed that color may be both brilliant and thin; and that this accomplished painter, who knows all the tricks of glazing and scumbling and overloading, of preparing his canvas with solid darks over which to drag his lights, and lights over which to pull his dark tones, can yet paint a figure high in color that shall be quite as thin and flat as any in the despised, “licked,” painting of Bouguereau or Gérôme. The orange velvet skirt of the handsome Madame Von Derwies—who deserves a better fate—and the lower part of her body under it, resolve themselves into the flatness and thinness of a sheet of pasteboard, and the marble balcony and the park landscape behind her are not much deeper. A portrait of Calvé, in red velvet, suffers in the same way; and even the huge presentation of Queen Victoria, the property of the *Illustrated London News*, crowned and throned in all her state, seems to lack substance and quality and ponderability. The theme is an imposing one, and the color scheme very ingenious, the stray sunbeam touching up all this royal and imperial splendor with a still higher accent. Also, the painter has permitted himself no flattering tricks with his sitter,—he has employed no false arts of embellishing beyond the few legitimate ones.

Much the same may be said of the great decorative painting of *Urbain II*, which we have seen unjustly accused of being in brick-work.



On the contrary, the Pope and all his cortège have rather the appearance of being but gorgeous fragments of a vision, lacking in avoirdupois and in cubic dimensions. The procession enters the arched gate in the brick city wall, pursued by the golden rays of the afternoon sun and half enveloped in a golden cloud of dust. Hence the extraordinary scheme of color, which at first glance suggests that of a conflagration. Perhaps the painter sought to convey some symbolism in this flaming light,—the occasion being the visit of the sovereign pontiff to the city to preach the first Crusade, in the year 1095, and his triumphal reception by the Comte de Toulouse, Raymond de Saint-Gilles, the clergy, and the people.

Among the most ancient of these veterans is M. Bouguereau, he having won the Prix de Rome exactly half a century ago, and though his peculiar technique has suffered less in the course of time than that of some of his contemporaries, the spirit has gone out of it largely, leaving little but outward semblance. If his imagination was never very deep or very tender, it yet frequently rose to very graceful and pretty themes, and occasionally to such serious ones as his *Vierge Consolatrice* in the Luxembourg, painted in 1877, and in commemoration, it was said, of the death of his first wife. He still paints the Virgin,—a large canvas, dated 1900, representing her rising from her throne, in her glory, to receive the adoration of the angels. A noble theme, but the painter brings but little to it but good intent, a skill in drawing and the representation of heavenly-clean flesh. If his work do nothing else, it at least suggests to us the infinite possibilities of this scene—the Mother and the Son, and the files of fair-faced young angels rising on each side of her high into the tender light.

But Cupid, singular and plural in number, is M. Bouguereau's favorite subject, and concerning one of his peculiar versions of Eros it is difficult to speak well. The leering, malicious, half-grown youth of the modern painters is but an unpleasant perversion of Anacreon's

HUBERT--DENIS ETCHEVERRY

LES NOUNOUS  
(NURSES OF ARIÈGE AND BRETAGNE)

*Loaned by the State*

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PHOTOGRAVURE



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infant, so little and helpless and appealing in his mendacity that the poet takes him in his arms, so very little that his mother appealed to the Fates to know if he would ever grow out of babyhood. Around this too big and far too knowing youth, this painter gathers a group of very foolish young women,—with the most insipid of results. He has by no means always been so commonplace,—it was only a few years ago that he was rendering such amusing themes as the stirring-up, as of a wasp's nest, of a whole swarm of these winged infants by a pretty maid going heedlessly through a wood, or the obsession of another, dark-eyed and very pretty, sitting in another of these pleasant groves, by two of these Erotes, one at each ear.

It has so long been the custom in art publications and in the talk of the painters' ateliers and classes of instruction to speak slightly of the work of this painter, notwithstanding his great and constant success with the public, of foreign nations as well as of his own, that it may be interesting to recall the fact that he at least enjoys all the official honors in his own country which an artist can win, even to being a member of the Institut, and that there are by no means wanting set eulogiums of his art, by competent writers. M. Bouguereau is a member of the official jury of Class 7 (paintings, cartoons, and designs) of the Exposition; and this jury, we are assured in the official catalogue, carried out its labors with the conviction that "the Exposition of 1900 being a State Exposition, it was consequently their duty to consider the French school in its unity, without taking into consideration individual groups, and that, in the friendly rivalry which exists between the artists of all countries, united as they are, moreover, by the common bond of the same ideal and frequently of the same instruction, the success of the French school could be assured only by the exercise of an equitable severity." In the course of a recent article on the life-work of M. Bouguereau, apropos of the *Décennale*

exposition, M. Frédéric Masson thus pays his respects to some of the painter's critics :

"M. W. Bouguereau shares with M. Gérôme the honor of certain attacks. As decided and as combative as his neighbor in the adjoining fauteuil [of the Institut], he is no more than he the man to allow himself to be intimidated, and he knows how to retort by assuming the offensive. Better than by words can he reply to the destroyers of French art, to the anarchists of painting, by presenting to this multitude, which from all parts of the world is attracted to Paris by the Exposition Universelle, his own work, pursued through fifty years with the same religion, that of Beauty, with one sole object, that of discovering its regulations and rendering its spirit. And this work is such that, on a review of it comprehensively, it will be readily understood why it is that M. Bouguereau is particularly odious to those who, without genius and without labor, imagine that they will attract the public by firing at their canvases pistols loaded with pigments. . . . The figures which he imagines, and in which he searches in nature for the accent of Beauty which will make them divine, do not hinder him from obtaining as a portrait-painter one of the most envied of positions. If he pleases himself and if he excels in giving, of the woman idealized, an image always graceful and seducing; if he exerts himself to contribute the very type in which the ancients would have recognized the race of the gods; if he knows how, better than any other, to group in radiant allegories the joyous and tender swarm of the conquering Loves; if, in the series of his religious compositions, he remains truly in the classic line, while at the same time introducing in his choice of subjects, in the expression of the physiognomies, in the design of the draperies, a personal note which rejuvenates the whole, he can, as well as others, better than others, place himself before nature and humanity and render them as they are. There are some of his portraits of men which will remain among the best that have been painted, and if



JULES MACHARD. LA RÊVE D'EROS.

M. Bouguereau would consent to it, and if he would exhibit his studies, it would be seen by what an obstinate seeking for Truth he succeeds in subliming it into Beauty."

Hébert, the painter of the *Malaria* in the Luxembourg, outranks even Bouguereau and Gérôme in length of artistic career,—he was a pupil of David d'Angers and Delaroche, and won the Prix de Rome in 1839, in the concours for historical compositions. To-day, he is still painting, and what is very remarkable, still painting in that thin, pretty, delicate, slightly melancholy tone which characterizes the picture which made him famous just fifty years ago. It is extraordinary that a charm apparently so frail should endure so long, practically without breaking,—that the painter should neither drop through into mere prettiness, nor lose his hold upon his audience, nor rise to sterner heights. M. Hébert's work is to-day as it has been, apparently founded on all the old-time recipes for securing conventional prettiness,—even to the



enlargement of the eyes and the diminution of the mouth in drawing the head. It would be thought that in this age of Manets and Rochegrosses and Tattegrains this obsolete and sentimental art would not last for six months. On the contrary, it is still in high honor; in the great Exposition of 1900, the veteran painter is given the centre of a wall for his group of works, in the company of the most distinguished of his juniors, and no discrepancy whatever is discernible. This is evidently the result of the undeniable fact that the canvases of the old painter—the pretty, big-eyed, little Saviour on his mother's knee, the impossible *Lavandara* with her fair skin, her gracefully dishevelled costume, her tapering hands, the portrait of the little Mlle. de S. A. . . ., composed according to all the rules of the Book of Beauty—are, all of them, delicate and truly charming. Great is art, that it is thus possible with the most divers and opposing means to arrive at the same success! And how excellent must be the quality of the artist who is thus able continuously, through sixty years of labor, to preserve undiminished and unimpaired this delicate sensitiveness, the quality of youth, the one soonest rubbed off in daily contact with an unbelieving world. It is one of the most brilliant of the characteristics of the contemporary French school of art that it thus comprehends such widely different manifestations and appreciations, and that room is found on its records and in its galleries for works that range through every known method.

M. Hébert's figures naturally preserve a certain similarity, whether they are *Muses*, or *Vierges*, or even portraits of women and children. In all of them is preserved the same delicacy of conception and rendering, the same discreet harmonies of color, the same real refinement which might be a little more virile, but which never becomes merely pretty and sentimental. There is no search for novelty, or originality,—as has been said of him, he does not consider that Woman is something new, nor painting, nor the idea of deifying maternity in

PAUL-JOSEPH JAMIN

LE BRENN AND HIS SHARE OF THE BOOTY

*Loaned by the Museum of La Rochelle*

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PHOTOGRAVURE



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Paul J. Harris 1895





the figure of the Virgin. His touch of melancholy he has not borrowed from modern pessimism and disbelief, since, as we have seen, it is the note which he first struck in the *Malaria*, painted in 1850. In some of the best of his portraits, as in that of *Madame Veuve G . . .*, this quality takes on an accent that is sympathetic and almost intimate. In the *Vierge au Chasseur*, the Infant refuses the little dead bird that the hunter brings Him, because He does not wish that any killing whatever shall be done for Him. Fancy M. Manet or M. Béraud or M. Rodin rendering this theme!

At the Salon of 1898 appeared the last of the envois sent by Puvis de Chavannes, who died in October of that year, at the age of seventy-four. Destined to complete his great decoration in the Panthéon, which, though not the first of his monumental decorations, was that by which he first solidly established his reputation, and which, it is possible, he never excelled, this canvas was dedicated to the patron saint of Paris. In a tall, upright panel he represented Geneviève standing on her terrace in the night-time, under the light of the full moon, watching over the sleeping capital which she so much loved, and in a formal, well-balanced composition, characterized by a sort of poetic austerity and almost, if not entirely, devoid of those certain formalities of design which sometimes seemed pushed too far. *Bellum* and *Concordia* were first exhibited in 1861; the *Pauvre Pêcheur*, now in the Luxembourg, was not painted till twenty years later, and in the Salon of 1884 it excited the derision of the spectators that gathered in front of it. This incident is quoted as something extraordinary, as one more count in the great indictment which Art has against popular prejudice and ignorance,—but in reality nothing is more natural than the hostile reception which works that thus violate all the previously received traditions—most especially if they have a quality of greater refinement, of more subtle message to deliver—receive at the hands of an untechnical, untrained audience. How could it be otherwise?

In this case, the audience was sufficiently quick to comprehend,—only five years later the painter was *Commandeur* in the Legion of Honor, and long before his death, as president of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, as one of the most dignified and honored representatives of the national art, he could point to his complete recognition, at home and abroad, as one of the evidences of a very genuine artistic instinct

in the age in which he lived.

The death of his wife, *née* Princesse Cantacuzène, only some two months before his own, is said to have been to him a blow from which he could not recover.

One of his most recent biographers, M. Marius Vachon, relates that he maintained that the first rule of art is that the painter should never paint but when he has something to express, and he appears to have hesitated a little at the beginning of his career before deciding on the methods of expression which for him were the most sympathetic. In 1850, he exhibited at the Salon a "Dead Christ," and in 1859, a "Return from the Hunt," a mural painting now in the Marseilles Museum. His success, once



PIERRE CARRIER-BELLEUSE. DANSEUSE RECOVERING  
HER SLIPPER.  
PASTEL.

assured, was complete; Meissonier, not a very comprehensive or genial critic, said, after seeing the *Sainte Geneviève* in the Panthéon: "There is no one but Puvis de Chavannes who stands alone; all the rest of you will have to gild the building." That this great painter in miniature nevertheless seriously contemplated at one time undertaking one of these great mural decorations himself does not necessarily impeach the sincerity of this utterance; M. Meissonier probably made distinctions. His subject, the deliverance of Paris besieged from the horrors of famine, by the action of Geneviève, was, however, executed by Chavannes, and was his last great work. The smaller panels of the frieze, left unfinished at his death, are at the present writing being completed by Cazin, who has for some months been engaged on this work, in the Pavillon La Trémoille at the Louvre. His task is much lightened by the sketches and careful color notes left by Chavannes, so that the work consists largely in carefully copying these sketches and supplying the color from the indications. These *esquisses* will then be placed in the Luxembourg, to be transferred to the Louvre when the regulation ten years after the painter's death shall have elapsed. An important collection of his drawings and sketches has already been bequeathed to the Musée du Luxembourg, catalogued and arranged, including those for the great decorations at Amiens, those at Marseilles, Poitiers, Lyon, Rouen, and those of the Panthéon, the Sorbonne, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Boston Public Library.

With regard to the great series of paintings in the Panthéon illustrating the life of Sainte Geneviève, M. P. de Chennevières, to whom is due the honor of securing the commission for Chavannes, declared it to be a "great poem to the glory of the saint who will always be the most ideal figure of the early youth of our race, when the legend of the patron saint of Paris was one with the wonderful tale of primitive Christianity in France." On the occasion of the banquet offered to the artist in the winter of 1894-1895, M. Paul Guigon, the poet,



published from notes taken down from his conversation certain principles of his æsthetic creed which are interesting as giving a closer knowledge than could be obtained elsewhere. "It has always pleased me," he said, "to go off on adventures, abandoning myself to my own taste and giving ear only to my own instinct. With the exception of three months passed in the atelier of Couture, I have always worked alone. I admire the old masters, certainly; but I have not grown old in the museums, you may believe it, neither in the libraries. I was too much in a hurry to give full liberty to that which was stirring within me, and I had confidence in my Demon. This has not in the least prevented its being said many times that I have a false sincerity, that I imitate persistently the awkwardness of the Primitives, that I have copied the Pompeiian coloring, I know not what else. As though it were not a thousand times more simple to suppose that certain analogies in the execution—if, indeed, there exist as many as has been said—might not proceed from a common manner of feeling. But, bah! let them talk, let them talk! . . ."

With respect to the peculiar symbolism which characterizes his work, he explained: "You would say to me that the artist rearranges the things according to his visions; I would rather say, orders things according to his visions. For, I am convinced that the best-ordered conception, that is to say, the simplest and the clearest, will be found to be at the same time the most decorative and the most beautiful.

"I love order, because I passionately love clearness. In all cases, clearness, clearness before everything! I hate nothing so much as the vague and the nebulous. Obscurity is good only to conceal deformity.

"For all clear and well-defined ideas, there exists a plastic formula which translates them. But most frequently our ideas come to us confused and intermingled. It is then necessary to disengage them at first, in order to be able to consider them, pure, in the inward light.

FERNAND CORMON

THE MARRIAGE OF HASSAN-BADREDDINE  
(ARABIAN NIGHTS)

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PHOTOGRAVURE









"A work is born of a species of confused emotion in the midst of which it is contained, like an animal in the egg. The thought which lies at the heart of this emotion I turn it about, I turn it about until it is elucidated in my eyes and until it appears with the greatest possible clearness. Then I seek for a spectacle which will translate it with exactitude, *but which shall be at the same time, or which at least could be, a real spectacle.* There is symbolism, if you like, but as little arbitrary as possible.

"Art is not an imitation of the reality: it is a parallelism with Nature!

"Yes, for myself, I endeavor to paint real spectacles, but which have a general sense. Of all my compositions, there is not one, I think, which could not be represented the most easily in the world. That would be impossible if I were entirely deserving of the reproach which has been sometimes addressed to me, of painting abstractions. I search for synthesis, but I endeavor constantly, with all my power, to avoid making my art abstruse."

Of the great Barbazon painters of landscape, Harpignies and Français may be considered to be the last, and M. Français died in 1897, at the age of eighty-two. In the same year, the medal of honor at the Salon was awarded to Harpignies, after a somewhat long interregnum,—his last previous medal (of silver) had been given him at the Exposition Universelle of 1878, and his latest honor, of promotion to the rank of *Officier* in the Legion of Honor, in 1883. The necessary gossip and conjecture which each year attend the bestowal of this supreme award were enlivened in the present instance by a report that this honor thus somewhat unexpectedly bestowed upon the veteran was intended as a courteous but indignant protest against the action of the Royal Academy of that year in rejecting one of his paintings, sent over for exhibition. It was explained in London that M. Harpignies had not probably been really rejected, but that his canvas had been accidentally

overlooked in the mass of "doubtful" pictures. This, however, was by no means the first time that a similar indignity had been offered distinguished French works of art that had fallen into the hands of a British jury; and, on the other hand, the same juries have been at times reproached at home with admitting to the crowded line of the R. A. exhibitions unworthy foreign canvases by distinguished painters to the exclusion of worthy native works. It is probable, however, that the médaille d'honneur was thus bestowed, on this occasion, because no younger competitor established a better claim to it. M. Harpignies's methods are well known: a certain dryness of color, a certain sober and distinguished rendering of the features of the landscape, with great consideration for tones and values, without any special searching for effects, for the sentiment or the message to be conveyed by the particular aspect of nature, but rather—it might be said—with a serene confidence that the message would deliver itself if only the facts in the case were clearly presented. He has been a constant exhibitor at the Salons since 1853, finding his subjects generally in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau, in the Bourbon country, and in Auvergne. In the Luxembourg, he is represented by three paintings, one of them being an early view of the Colosseum in Rome; in the Exposition of 1900, he has no less than sixteen canvases and water-colors, and even to the Salon of 1900, not largely favored by the artists of repute, he contributed a study of olive-trees and live oaks in the maritime Alps.

The work of Français is marked by a somewhat greater freedom, a livelier sense of color and light, and a certain human sentiment and grace. A characteristic work of his best manner is the *Daphnis et Chloé* in the Luxembourg, painted as far back as 1872, in the conventional methods that obtained before the revolutionary doctrines of the *plein air* school were adopted, and yet a very beautiful and satisfactory rendering, darkened as it is somewhat by time, of midsummer greenery. On a rock by the side of a little stream brawling through this oasis

of verdure, the youthful figures are seated and kneeling, nude and innocent, Daphnis with one arm around his companion and fishing with the other with a primitive rod and line. There is a real charm of Arcady in this old picture, and it has been justly celebrated, having been



JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI. SAINT-GERMAIN-DES-PRÉS.  
PASTEL.

twice engraved and also reproduced in Gobelin tapestry. Français was a member of the Institut, and was elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in 1890, in the place of Robert-Fleury.

Among the most distinguished of the cattle-painters, enamored of the technical problems presented by the velvety pile of the coats of these useful quadrupeds, are Julien Dupré and Roll, the first also a



landscape-painter of mark, with a fondness for sunlit effects and a great skill in representing the fat and luscious color of the fertile French meadows and pasture-lands as it appears tempered by the grayish film of the atmosphere, on gray cloudy days, and even on sunny ones. There is also always a certain style and finish of composition in his painting, whilst Roll sets up his bull in a patch of greenery, possibly with a single attendant, and is content to make a good portrait.

M. Roll is, moreover, otherwise distinguished,—“whilst his fellow-soldiers, renouncing all effort, gradually sink into a sluggish decline, he has been seen manifesting all his energy and displaying, as ardent as ever, the determination of his research and his eagerness for constant progress.” It is somewhat difficult to accept the theory of his great decoration, *les Joies de la Vie*, for the Hôtel de Ville, with its grotesque juxtaposition of very naked allegory and realistic contemporary, and its undoubtedly sensuous interpretation, but his somewhat smaller official canvas, representing the official ceremony of laying the first stone of the new Pont Alexandre III, in the presence of their Imperial Russian Majesties, is a brilliant example of difficulties eluded and overcome, and a lively contrast with Detaille’s treatment of *his* commission on the same occasion. The latter was to paint, on a very large scale, for the State, the review of the troops at Châlons by the Czar,—the artist, for all his knowledge and experience, fell promptly into the trap of the instantaneous photographic effect, and executed a work of art that is practically but a colored illustration. Determined not to put his official personages in the immediate foreground,—according to the new theories, as we have seen in the case of M. François Flameng’s work,—he relegates the Imperial and Presidential carriage and cortège to the middle distance, lines up each side of his scene with mounted troops seen in file, and for the centre of the foreground, which was formerly the place of honor, he paints a wide gray empty space of road-bed. As composition,

HENRI GERVEX  
PORTRAIT OF MME. G.

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PHOTOGRAVURE









it would be difficult to do worse, and, moreover, M. Detaille's imagination being that of a military man, he presents all this literally and realistically, redeeming it only by good design in the figures and a fair rendering of atmospheric effect.

The painter of the *Souvenir commémoratif de la pose de la première pierre du pont Alexandre III* also has never been classed among the imaginative and mystical artists, his Hôtel de Ville decoration being singularly void of these useful qualities, and his highest previous flight—as far as we are informed—consisting in giving to his very vigorous study of a nude peasant-girl caressing a young bull the title of “Pasiphaë.” Nevertheless, in face of this official command to paint a hopelessly practical and realistic assemblage of modern figures in the open air, he found a synthesis that was almost an inspiration. Possibly he was aided in this by the fact that he had not seen the ceremony himself, and relied for his memoranda on a sketch made by a friend. Like the others, he placed the Emperor and Empress and President Félix Faure in the middle distance, but he began by subduing the garish light of day, with its vulgar accentuation of black coats and red sashes, into a dulcet and discreet illumination that was sufficiently probable, and that at once smothered down the mass of spectators into inoffensive half-tones. Then in the foreground, mounting the steps from the river-bank toward the high officials, filling nearly half his scene, he painted the bevy of pretty young girls all in white, all with amber and tawny hair, and lit up here and there with an accent of golden sunlight. The technical rendering of all these whites and ambers is admirable, and the pale yellow color of the Czarina's dress as she stands at the head of the steps to receive them is so exactly the right note that, as one critic said, it is a *trouvaille*. Finally, not content with the commonplace, rectangular, gilded frame of commerce, he encloses his upright canvas in a heavy frame of carved oak, breaking at the bottom into a double curve that enables the half-length

figure of the Seine to emerge from her waves to "assist" at this joyous ceremony. No wonder that, well content with his work, he painted in, on the right, below the official spectators, the half of his own profile, watching the scene.

M. Gervex also has been painting the Czar in the interests of the Franco-Russian alliance, and his great canvas, ten mètres by eight, is exhibited in the Russian Pavilion on the Trocadéro with all the necessary surroundings to enhance its due effect. The subject is no less than the Coronation at Moscow in the Cathedral of the Assumption, and to complete the illusion as much as possible an attempt has been made to give the spectator the impression of being in the cathedral itself by painting on the wall figures in the Byzantine style, etc. The exact moment depicted is that in which the young monarch takes the crown from the Metropolitan of Saint Petersburg and crowns himself. M. Gervex gives these details, in his own words:

"There was a profound sensation in the building. Up to that instant, the Emperor was not a complete monarch,—it was necessary that he should follow precedent and perform this ceremony. And what a moment of importance! I saw gray-haired old generals weep, and courtly dames, in tears, tremble with excitement. Emotion was natural; it was like electricity—I felt this very deeply myself. This act of the coronation was the essence of the ceremony, and my endeavor has been to communicate, as far as possible, to others these impressions—these sensations of May 26, 1896.

"The idea of painting this picture was my own, and, thanks to the Grand Duke Vladimir, I obtained the necessary permission to take part in the ceremony. I subsequently made sketches, and a year afterward, when I visited Saint Petersburg again, I made portraits of the various persons who figured in the ceremony. The *projet* which I had made was shown to the Emperor, who came to see it, together with the Empress. They were so pleased that they sat for their portraits, as

did also the Grand Duke Vladimir, the Grand Duchess, and, in fact, all the great dignitaries of the Court, as well as the Metropolitan and the clergy of high rank."

It cannot be said that he has succeeded very forcibly in conveying



LÉON BONNAT. A BASQUE LANDSCAPE.

to the spectators the "profound sensation" of the moment. On the contrary, though this is a very clear presentation of the arrangement of the ceremony, it leaves the ordinary spectator impressed by nothing so much as the good painting of the cloth-of-gold backs of the high clergy drawn up across the foreground and facing the Czar at the other end of the composition. It would probably be very difficult to avoid this anti-climax so long as this point of view is chosen,—David did better in his great canvas of the coronation of Napoleon by taking the whole scene in profile, and thus being able to give his principal personages their due importance. On the Russian canvas, M. Gervex



is said to have spent four years of continuous labor, and his painting is valued at a million of francs. It may be doubted whether he has been more successful with another of these big official *machines*, a distribution of awards at the Palais de l'Industrie and the defile of the representatives of the French colonies, with their banners, before President Carnot,—but as they *are* official machines, the property of the State, and intended to commemorate these great administrative ceremonies, as in them, if ever, art ceases to be interpretation and becomes clear and exact record, there is much to be said in favor of M. Gervex's bold and literal rendering. In looking at this latter canvas, we are impressed with the bareness of the vast space of the Palais de l'Industrie and with the shining planks of the flooring,—these facts will be very interesting to the future historian—from New Zealand, or the moon—who reconstructs the nineteenth century. Any one who has pored over the Egyptian or Assyrian bas-reliefs will be able to testify to the pleasure he receives in discovering some homely little detail which serves to bring these immemorial ages into such close contact with his own. M. Roll, as we have seen, has another theory,—either he is not concerned at all about posterity, or he prefers to endeavor to give it a general report, and not a detailed one, which shall inform it of the principal matter concerning his ceremony,—that it was a striking and handsome event.

The future historian above referred to will indeed be called upon to experience a very considerable amount of gratitude toward M. Gervex, whose contributions to this pictorial record of manners and customs *de die in diem* have been varied and important. He was among the first, if he were not the first, to find in the tragic and frequently dramatic episodes of the hospitals and the operating-rooms themes for important, almost monumental, canvases; the History of Art is indebted to him for that collection of incidents, the *Jury de Peinture* in the Luxembourg, in which is presented with great ingenuity the annual

PAUL-ALBERT BESNARD

M<sup>ME</sup>. RÉJANE

PHOTOGRAVURE



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event once attended by all the artists of the civilized world as the most important occurrence in the year in their general annals, and by a very considerable fraction of them with, literally, breathless anxiety. In this picture, from the Salon of 1885, we see the bearers of most of the great names in contemporary French painting engaged in the supreme exercise of their official functions, voting on the canvases to be admitted to the Salon!—Cabanel, and Bonnat, and Lefebvre and Chavannes, Tony Robert-Fleury, Maignan, Laurens, Vollon, Carolus Duran, Bouguereau, Henner, Barrias, Harpignies, Français, Hector Leroux, Humbert, Cormon, Benjamin-Constant, Roll, Gervex himself, Cazin and Protais, Detaille and De Neuville. All these immortals are presented in natural and plausible attitudes, with no thought of posing for their portraits,—M. Vollon votes in favor of the painting under consideration, a nude female figure twisting up her hair, by lifting his umbrella in the air, handle uppermost, and M. Rapin by lifting his cane, M. Maignan passes his arm through the open back of his chair, and M. Pille and M. Duez are endeavoring to see a picture which one of the attendants is withdrawing from among several others. It would be difficult for a layman to comprehend the eager interest taken by a very great many young artists of all countries in every detail of this large and crowded canvas, in being thus admitted within the sacred enclosure and being permitted to witness the very manner in which the great ones of the earth administered life and death. It is well that Gervex painted this picture at the date it bears,—those were the great days of the Paris Salon, before the division of 1889 and the subsequent *débâcle*. At the present hour, it would be a far less important contribution to history.

Slighter and less documentary canvases, however, also at times claim this painter's attention. In the Luxembourg, too, he is represented by a very different work, a white-skinned bacchante of the happy days of fable, lying across the knees of a satyr in a grove of

oaks and pulling his ivy-wreathed hair. This fondness for softer themes and blonder tones appears also in many of his portraits of women and children,—as in the large upright one of Madame Gervex, of the Salon of 1899, in a park landscape, very white and fair, notwithstanding her most unbecoming costume, or of little Mademoiselle S . . . , sitting on the beach and looking out from under the shadow of her big hat with the earnest eyes of childhood. A still greater charm and richness of color, a somewhat better painter-quality, may be found in other canvases, as in the small picture of the nursing-mother belonging to the collection of M. Lutz.

M. Carolus Duran, to give him the sonorous title by which he replaced his much more bourgeois patronymic, has long enjoyed a reputation as one of the great portrait-painters of the day,—not precisely of the school of Holbein or Rembrandt, but perhaps more of that of Rubens, though it was said of him in former times that it was the laurels of Velasquez which prevented him from sleep. A certain opulence and bravura of color, a certain ease and style in placing his sitters on the canvas, have long secured for him the favor and patronage of the wealthy and proud, transatlantic and cisatlantic, and, in his later years, he has even made one or two voyages to the land of dollars to meet his clients more intimately. His portrait of his wife, in the Luxembourg, *La Dame au Gant*, of the Salon of 1869, very much more sober in color and perhaps more discreet as painting, remains one of his best works. To vary the monotony of these innumerable commissions, M. Duran occasionally permits himself excursions into lighter fields, landscape studies, on the Oise or in Provence, paintings of the nude, as his *Lilia* in the Luxembourg, or his *Danaë*, of the Salon of 1891. This latter, however, cannot be said to be one of his most brilliant works, though in a review of that date the critic (one in authority) descanted upon the pleasure which the painter had evidently experienced, *à voir sonner les chairs opulentes sur des tentures noires*. This is that which



HUBERT-DENIS ETCHÉVERRY. THEY READ NO MORE.  
LOANED BY THE CITY OF LYONS.

naturally would be expected from a painter of M. Duran's talent and reputation, but—though he has almost repeated the Renaissance refinement, recorded by Dumas, of bedding his lady upon black satin to enhance her pearly whiteness—it would seem that his white flesh, leaden in the shadows, was not “opulent,” and did not “ring” very true. Well grounded in the history and precepts of his art, and an excellent discourser, M. Duran has formed the budding talents of a multitude of élèves, of very many nations, supplementing his direct technical instruction with excellent advice concerning the general conception and composition of important works, historical or decorative. Of the three or four of these that he has himself executed, one is in the museum of Lille, his native town, a large plafond, executed in 1877-1878, in one of the galleries of the Louvre; and, later, a “Triumph of Bacchus”



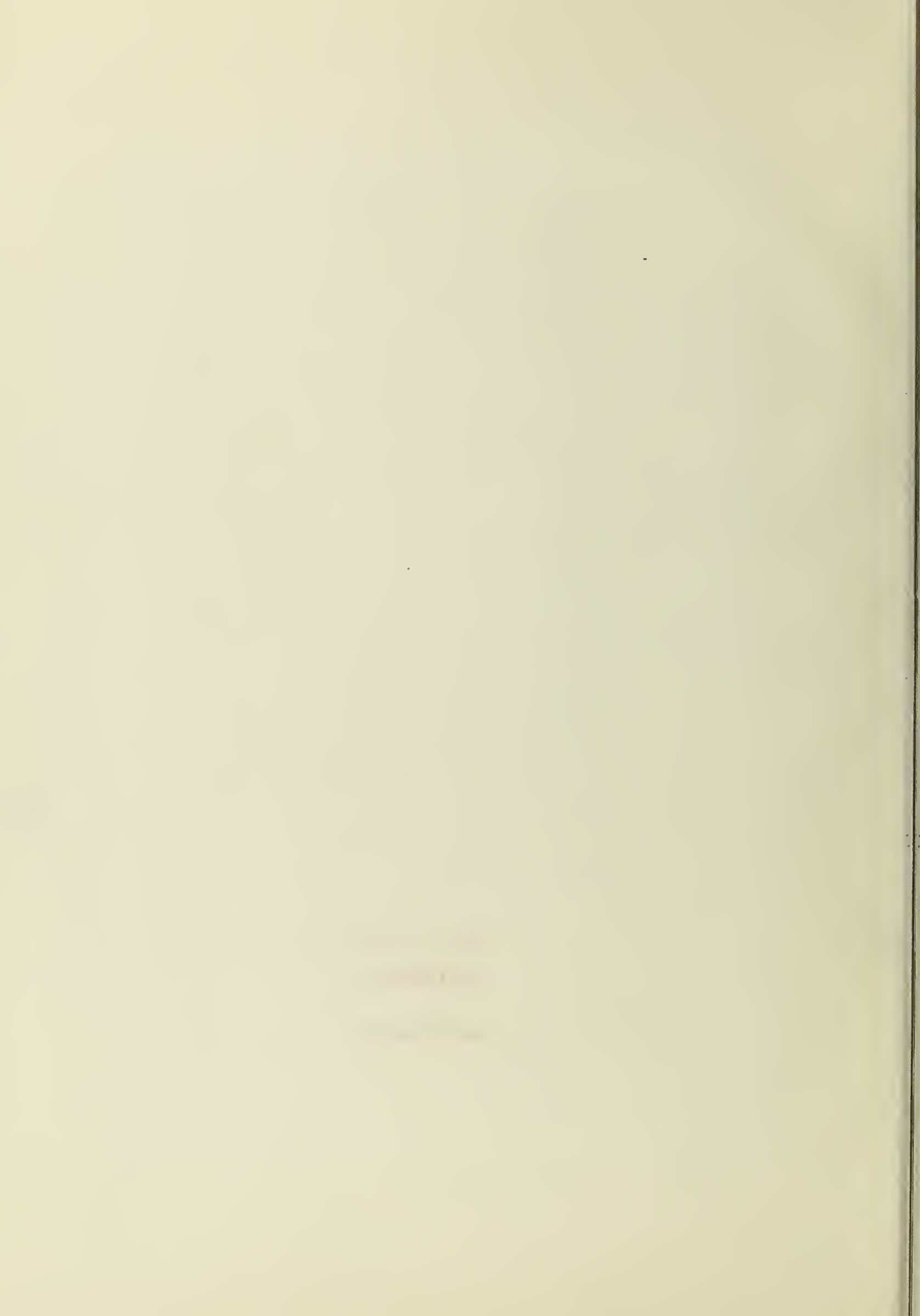
was perhaps too closely inspired by Titian's masterpiece in the London National Gallery. Even more, he occasionally descends to still-life, as in 1897 we find him exhibiting a study of fruit and game.

Of these great names of twenty years ago, one of the greatest, that of Meissonier, seems to be disappearing from contemporary records. His son, Jean-Charles, endeavors to maintain somewhat of the methods and traditions of his father, and is represented by three pictures in the Exposition, but his glory is not the same, and, indeed, it is said that the pecuniary value of the masterpieces in little of his illustrious progenitor began to diminish in the eyes of dealers and connoisseurs, almost from the date of his death. His widow, who died in the summer of 1898, was unable to secure the approbation of the State for her plan of a complete museum of his works, bearing his name, and by her last testament she bequeathed to the nation a collection of her husband's paintings, designs, and sketches which is destined to enhance the riches of the Louvre. This collection, in accordance with his wishes, she had saved from dispersion, at the cost of a considerable portion of her fortune, and it includes the ébauches, designs, and water-colors, studies of landscapes, figures, and costumes, for a very large portion of his finished work. In it are the *Madona del baccio*, the *Chant*, the famous portrait of himself exhibited in 1889 and that executed in 1872, a large *Vue de Venise* and many studies made in the same city, the portrait of Madame Meissonier, a *Messe à la Chapelle de la Vierge miraculeuse à Saint-Marc*, an *Orage à Antibes*, a *Soleil couchant dans la forêt de Saint-Germain*, a *Clair de lune à Venise*, *Cavaliers Louis XIII en route*, *Jean-Jacques descendant l'escalier de bois de Lausanne*, *Samson abattant les Philistins*, and two or three of his later works recording the disasters of the Commune, the *Ruines des Tuileries* and the much discussed *Siège de Paris*. These last two and the *Samson*, it appears, were those which he himself valued the most highly. In the Luxembourg, in addition to six of his works, two minor ones

ALBERT AUBLET

MORNING

PHOTOGRAVURE



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painted on wood, the *Chant* and *L'Attente* (a richly furnished Holland interior of the seventeenth century, with a young cavalier looking out of the open window), *Napoléon III à Solférino* and *Napoléon III entouré de son état-major*, there are preserved three or four studies in color of horses and one of the cuirassier lifting his sabre to cheer, of the 1807 in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. It is to be noticed that the completeness of technical equipment for which these masters of the contemporary French school are famous does not extend to a knowledge of the permanent qualities of their pigments,—the 1807, though by no means an old painting, was cracked so generally and so disastrously that it was necessary to restore it, two or three years ago; and in the Luxembourg, such comparatively modern canvases as the *Vérité* of Lefebvre, the *Diane* of Delaunay, and the *Dame au Gant* of Carolus Duran, are all seamed with cracks in the dark shadows. The oldest of these was painted in 1869. Gérôme's *Combat de Coqs*, of 1846, on the contrary, is in very good order.

In that admirable little book, *Nos Peintres du Siècle*, Jules Breton appreciates very justly the defect of Meissonier's genius and the possible judgment of posterity upon his work. "No artist during his lifetime has enjoyed a glory comparable to that of this painter. It is perhaps this fact which has given rise to the acrimony with which certain vexed critics have attacked his memory, without taking into account the consideration due to all earnest conviction. Such brilliant success, in dazzling some, could not fail to blind and offend others. One man only found it insufficient, this glory, and this man was Meissonier. He even lost confidence in it if a few hours went by without his hearing it spoken of. Strange to say, this was the chagrin of his life! He had generous instincts; he was not jealous; and yet, if a visitor to his atelier forgot to manifest incessant admiration, his silence was considered to be an offence. And our painter would begin to treat him coolly, after having, but a moment before, received him with the

greatest cordiality. And this susceptibility, which made him appear ridiculous to his best friends, originated quite as much in his extreme conscientiousness as an artist as in his pride. At the bottom, he was unquiet and anxious, and he had constant need, like some actors, of the applause of the claque."

Speaking of the extreme conscientiousness which he brought to bear upon working out all the details of his canvases, of his *Retraite de Russie*, the author continues: "All the portraits, all the accessories, are reproduced with the same jealous care. It is a complete reconstitution, and one extremely interesting. The illusion of this fatal ending of an epoch is almost perfect; but there is wanting the great wave of heroic horror which may be felt before the *Retraite de Russie* of Charlet. And yet it must not be thought that Meissonier was wanting in imagination! I have seen him depict his ideas in figures very striking in design and character,—but his memory and his intuition of things were as minutely exact as his direct sight. He saw details too clearly, and his near-sighted eye exaggerated the perspective like the photographic camera. His vision was too sharp, not apt to perceive the diffuse harmonies, dear to the poets. He painted in planes set like facets, accentuating all the forms somewhat too vigorously. He executed little panels which are incontestably jewels of execution, fine and distinct, but as though they were chiselled in wood. He was quite without the sentiment of the suppleness and the velvet qualities of the flesh; and for this reason he never succeeded in rendering women. He was quite ignorant of the infinite charm of their flexible graces, of their exquisite modelling. He saw everything—except the mysterious. There was no sacrificing, his indefatigable curiosity searched incessantly.

"He is still too near our time for us to be able to classify him definitely. Will posterity ratify the admirable place of honor accorded to his statue? It is such a fine thing, the absolute conscientiousness of an artist, even when it lacks a horizon! . . ." He was known

to destroy panels with which he was not satisfied, though he could have sold them for high prices, and yet he was never free from the need of money, for he was proud of his carriages, his horses, and his luxury. On one occasion, he was showing the author his calèches, on which he had painted animals as armorial bearings, and said to him: "Kings are not rich enough to have Meissoniers on their carriage panels." When he was elected mayor of Poissy, one of his ambitions was realized. With his very short stature, his big head, and his immense beard, he loved to attract attention to himself wherever he went, strutted in his walk, and uttered loud exclamations. "He had committed one great error in his life, which, I have been told, he regretted at his death,—this was that of rendering possible, by its importance, the fatal rupture which separated the artists into two camps, to the great injury of the general cause of art."

The monument to Meissonier, to which allusion is made, has indeed an honorable location,—in the garden on the river side of the Louvre,



GUSTAVE COURTOIS. JEUNE FILLE À LA SOURCE.



known as the Jardin d'Infante. Directly opposite it is the spirited monument to Raffet, the designer, by Frémiet, and farther along, facing the Rue du Louvre, his handsome equestrian statue of Velasquez. That of Meissonier, in white marble, is by Mercié,—determined to avoid the error committed by another statuary in reproducing the painter upright, and thereby perpetuating his want of heroic proportions and the inward curve of his legs, the sculptor has fallen back upon the commonplace and the *intime*, and represented the painter seated, in robe de chambre and in the familiar attitude of meditation, head on hand. This latter was evidently selected as the appropriate corollary of the big beard (in French, always, *belle barbe de fleuve*, river-god's beard); the robe de chambre cannot be considered "a find" as a motif for the sculptors, its thick, woollen folds have neither dignity nor sculptural quality. In this case, the costume was suggested by the portrait which the painter executed of himself, in 1889, and the seat is a reproduction of the great Renaissance arm-chair which occupied a prominent place in his atelier and in which he was in the habit of seating himself to contemplate his work. His left hand, holding his palette, hangs loosely over the arm of his seat; on the pedestal is arranged a trophy recalling the Napoleonic episode to which he devoted so many of his important works,—a cuirass pierced by balls, a helmet of the First Empire, a flag, and the chapeau of the Little Corporal. To these is added a less heroic symbol to represent one of his most famous anecdotic pictures, the *Joueurs de boules*. Notwithstanding all this ingenuity of arrangement and the genius of the sculptor, the statue fails to inspire, and it suffers considerable from the immediate vicinity of Raffet's drummer of the Old Guard, beating the charge so furiously that the walls of the Louvre seem to re-echo. The monument to Meissonier was erected by popular subscription, and was inaugurated in October, 1895.

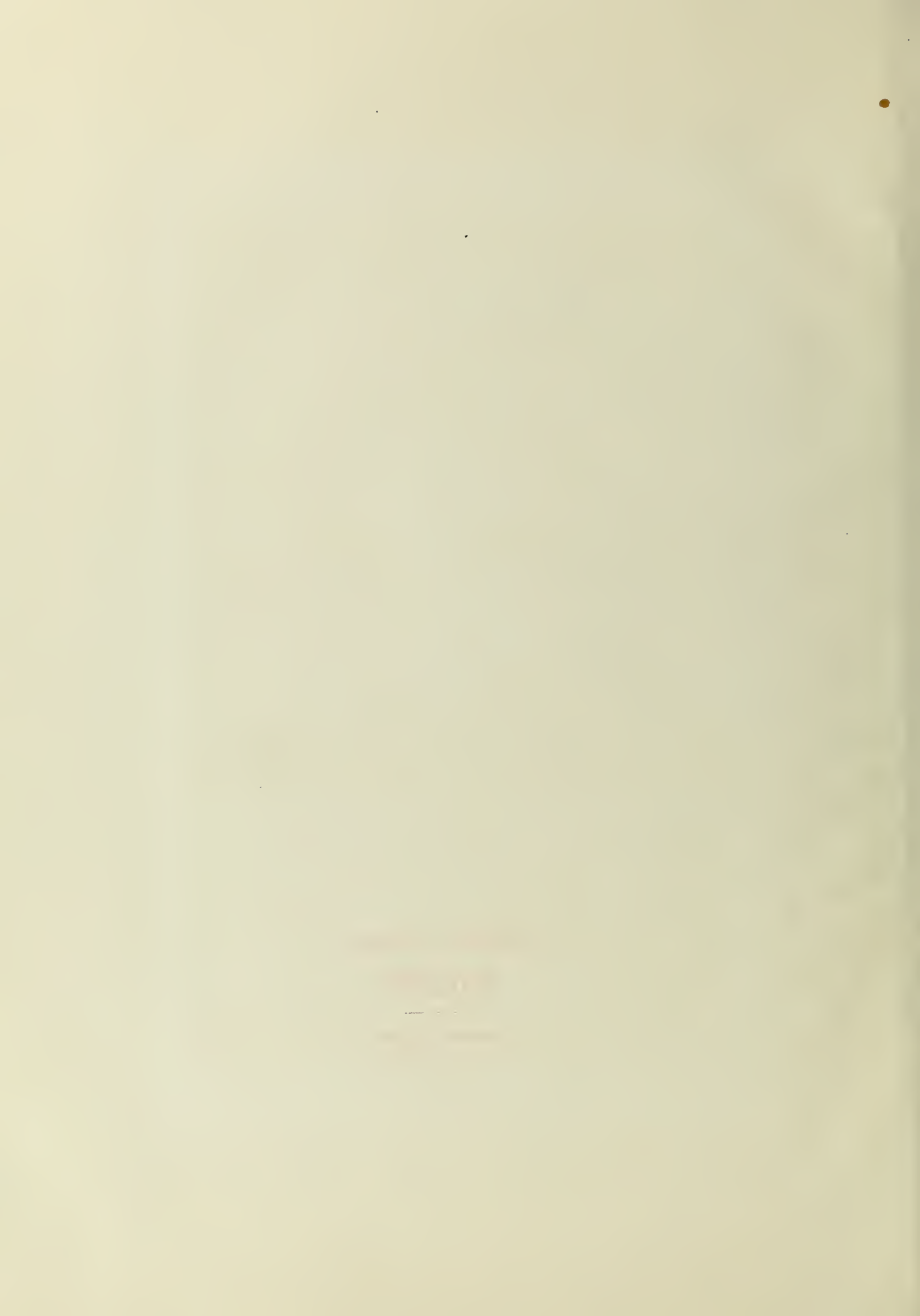
The younger Robert-Fleury, Tony, still lives and works, and his modern work is modern, though his *Dernier Jour de Corinthe*, in the

ÉDOUARD TOUDOUZE

OCTOBER

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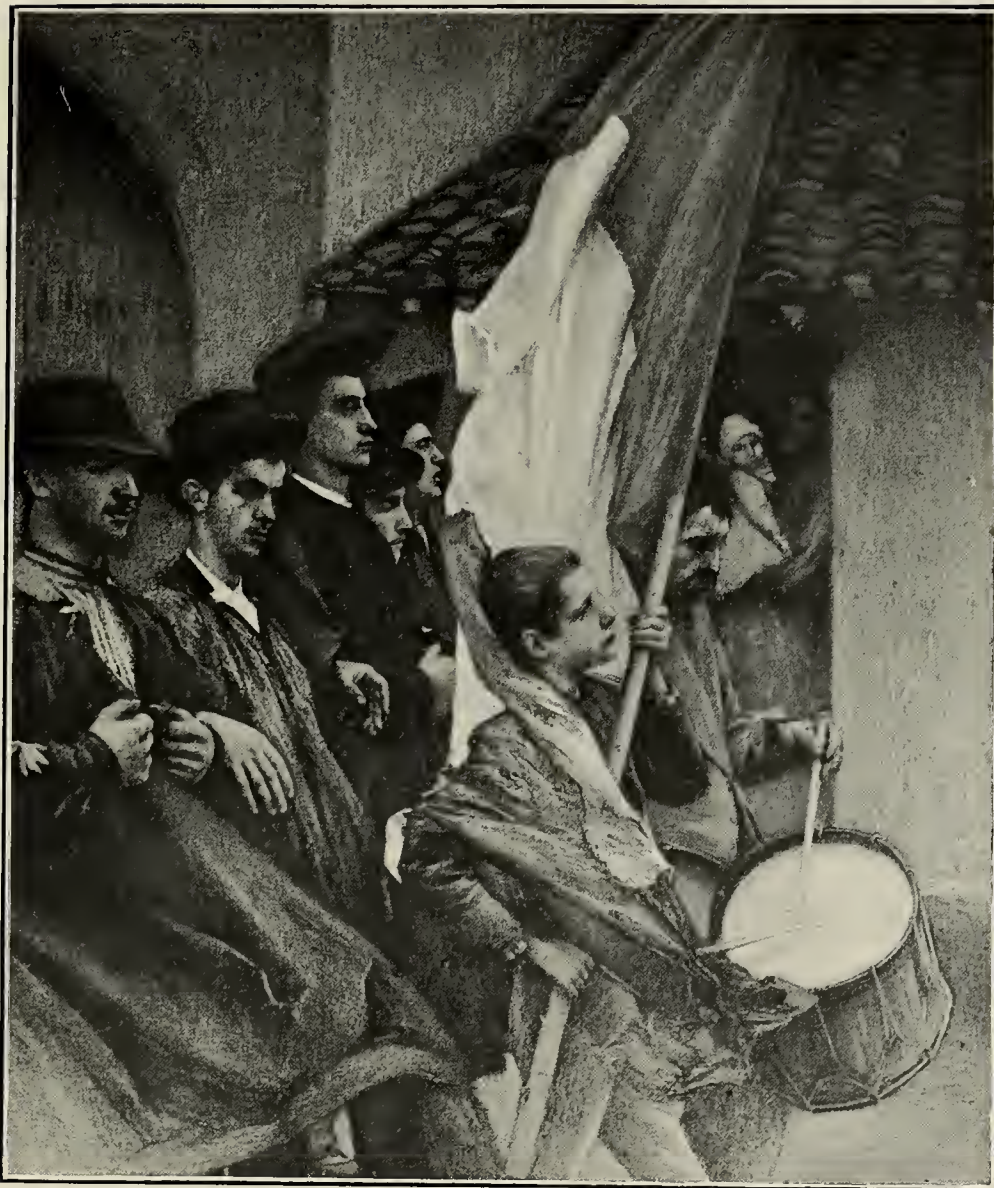
Luxembourg, Salon of 1870, somehow or other, seems at first glance to be the relic of a vanished age. It is not really so very ancient in spirit,—not any more so, excepting that it is somewhat more academical and has some science of composition, than Roybet's *Charles le Téméraire*. Compared with the massacres of MM. Tattegrain, Rochegrosse, Buffet, and Thivier, however, it must be confessed that it is *vieux jeu*, in the slang of the day. This, in itself, is no disqualification,—if the modern tenseness of feeling does not make itself evident in the painter's more modern canvases, it is replaced by a certain moderation and discretion which are quite acceptable. His *Perquisition sous la Terreur*, the lady roused from her slumbers, not having had time to throw her gown over her, almost paralyzed with apprehension as she endeavors in the futile feminine manner to defend the chamber door, is a very good, simple, and effective presentation of the scene. The spectator does not experience a very disturbing thrill of suspense and fear before the canvas, but he recognizes the situation, he appreciates the dignified and artistic manner in which the story is told, the absence of hysterics and violent action,—which would be naturally absent in the actual occurrence. Much the same qualities mark the artist's larger scene, taken from American history,—the farewell of Washington to his officers after the signing of the peace and his resignation as commander-in-chief of the army, December 4, 1773. "After taking leave of them all, he departed for White Hall, where a boat was in waiting to convey him to Paulus Hook." In the foreground is seen the boat, the oarsmen pulling steadily out into the stream and the general sitting in the stern-sheets, looking out of the picture with eyes that evidently see nothing. On the shore behind him is the group of officers standing bareheaded, and the guard of escort drawn up in line after the salute. The gray, misty light in which everything is enveloped, the arrangement of the composition, the expression of Washington's face, all combine to render the situation very clearly,—it is not a very striking situation, it has the

air of being painted for an American purchaser, but it is dignified, sober, acceptable art.

In the *Léda*, of some ten or twelve years ago, an important life-size figure, the design and the painting seem to be at variance, as sometimes happens, and the latter is wrong in being out of sympathy with the theme. It is exactly as though another man had completed the work,—a painter coloring the illustration. The wife of Tyndareus, a very graceful nude figure, comes out of the lake in a stately Arcadian landscape, and as she walks, turns to repel the obtrusive swan which follows her. It is a theme in which “atmospheric envelope” would have been in order, but the painting seems to be somewhat too literal and imaginative to be in accord.

Cormon, pupil of Fromentin and Cabanel, took his first medal thirty years ago, and the Prix du Salon five years later, but his greatest work will probably remain the *Caïn* of the Salon of 1880, now in the Luxembourg. In this case, the painter and the designer were one, the bare and desolate landscape and the sordid and primeval figures hurrying through it are alike enveloped in gray and hopeless tones,—it is not too much to say that in this tremendous presentation on canvas the full force of the terrible Bible story was first brought home to the consciousness of many an irreverent spectator. Afterward, in a much lighter theme, the return of the victorious Greeks after Salamis, the painter sought to renew his triumph, but achieved a less dramatic success, possibly largely because of his less inspiring subject. Recently, his most important work has been a series of paintings for the decoration of a salle of the Muséum of Paris, a very important establishment of the Jardin des Plantes, devoted to natural history. In these he has represented prehistoric man, in his surroundings, in his various ages and his various occupations, with vast ingenuity and with due archaeological and geological research, but not to the extent of interfering with artistic presentation,—graceful limbs and white skins in the





PASCAL-ADOLPHE DAGNAN-BOUVERET. THE CONSCRIPTS.  
LOANED BY THE STATE.

younger females, etc. Still another of these pseudo-scientific restorations is his large canvas depicting the funeral ceremonies of a chief of the iron age, of the Salon of 1892, one of the most dramatic of modern canvases and one in which the artist's peculiar ability in rendering comprehensive action, as in the *Cain* and the *Salamis*, is strongly displayed. In the two latter, the whole multitude sweeps forward with



a sort of irresistible rush; in the *Funérailles*, the movement is universal, but it is scattered and widely varied, and the sense of clamor and awe is quite in keeping with the subject. Exhibited at the Guildhall of the London Corporation, in 1898, as part of a representative collection of contemporary French art, which was accompanied by a representative delegation of French painters and officials, this picture was received as a masterpiece. "For the most admirable demonstration of the skill that is the glory of the modern French school, we must turn to M. Fernand Cormon's 'Funeral of a Chief in the Iron Age,'" said one critic. "Here we have at his best one of the most able and brilliant painters of the day. The subject is not lost in the handling, nor does the handling overweigh the subject. Here, in the vast crowd surrounding the lurid pile, we see consummate mastery of drawing and composition, an easy power of suggesting movement such as is not given to many, a powerful dramatic sense, and an ability to render, not a passion only, but every variety of it, whilst sobriety of color is not, as with M. Roybet, illegitimately acquired."

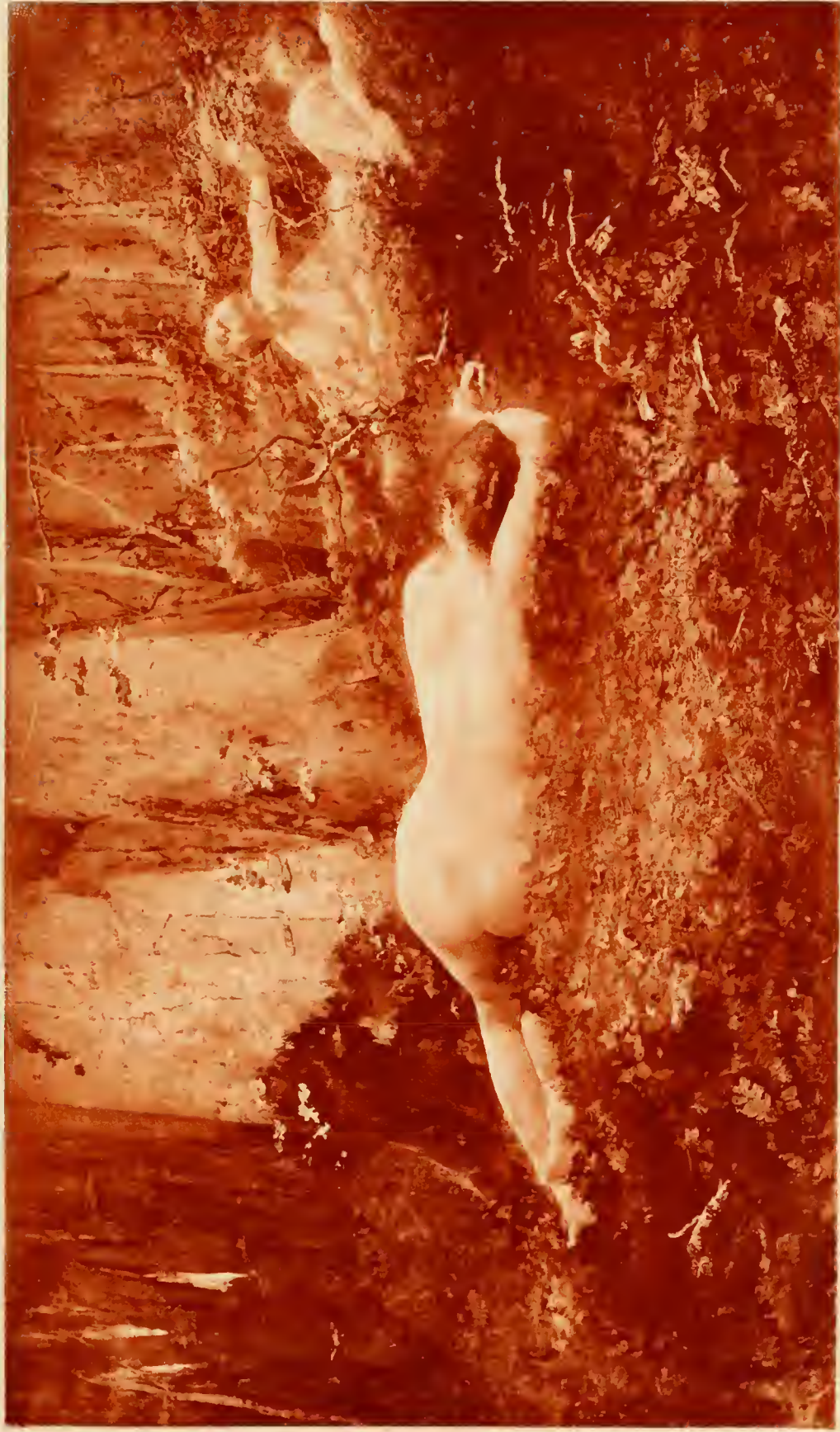
Not content with these triumphs, the artist has gone still farther afield, and at the Salon of 1891 exhibited a scene from the "Thousand and One Nights," the famous story of the marriage of Hassan-Badred-dine (according to the latest spelling). As will doubtless be remembered, this handsome youth strays into a wedding in which the beautiful bride, through some misfortune, is to be joined to a wretched humpback, to the great scandal of all the assistants,—even to that of two or three of the friendly djinn who happened to be present. One of these accordingly appeared in the shape of a mouse before the crook-backed groom as he was sitting in the corner waiting the summons to the bridal-chamber; the groom made a motion to drive the mouse away, but to his great surprise it swelled to the size of a cat, then to that of a dog, a calf, and finally a great buffalo, breathing fire. The buffalo took the speechless wretch and stood him on his head in the corner

GABRIEL GUAY  
WOODLAND IDYL

PHOTOGRAVURE



*Figura 1. 1900. by B. S. S. S. S. S.*







it is not explained how), bidding him remain there without sound until daybreak, under penalty of death; then the fortunate Badreddine-Hassan was directed to present himself to the lady as her lawful spouse, and was joyfully accepted. This cheerful Oriental tale is presented with great vivacity and beauty of color, the handsome lover, all in red, seated on one end of a rich divan, is presented by the ladies of honor to the bride, and takes adoringly in his one of her lily hands; on the stairway behind them the musicians make a joyful noise with flutes and castanets, and little black slaves bring on golden trays *kataïefs au sirop*, generously farcis, and baklawa beautifully puffed and divided into lozenges, and mahallabia perfumed with oranges and sprinkled with broken pistachio-nuts and with cinnamon!

But sometimes all this admirable technical skill of the painters seems to go hopelessly astray and to be wasted on the grossly unartistic. One of the most unworthy of these works is the so-called *L'Amour au Banquet*, painted by Gustave Courtois, who made his reputation in much more lawful canvases, one of Gérôme's most distinguished pupils and old enough and learned enough in his art both to have some sense of composition and ordering in a picture and some feeling for due style and reticence in presenting even an unpleasant and threadbare theme. But for technical rendering of the substance and quality of flesh, its pearliness, its translucency, its gently resisting quantity when pushed, its elasticity, its fibre, and its generally "meaty" character, it would be difficult to find a more brilliant example than this canvas presents. And all this rendered by the most lawful, the most conservative of methods of brush-work,—no *taches*, or points, or stippling, or hatchings, or any of the violent means of the new art of painting by which a dozen qualities—generally all the suave ones—are sacrificed in a (generally) vain attempt to secure one or two others. The shapeless pile at the left of this canvas, which represents two particularly carnal lovers, is a wonderful piece of technical skill,—beside

it, most of the other flesh-painting of contemporary art looks like the painting of tinted wood, or ivory, or celluloid, or some other inanimate matter. M. Courtois's *Amour* is unpleasant enough in countenance to make his unnecessary allegory sufficiently plain; his arrangement of the green silk bed or couch is sufficiently vulgar, and the grinning skeleton in the background, showing the hour-glass, adds the last touch of the *banal*.

This ability to paint, naturally, serves him well in other cases, in his portraits and in his studies of the nude, as the *Jeune Fille à la Source*, of the Salon of 1899. His well-known portrait of the handsome Madame Gautreau—she of the auburn hair and the aquiline profile, and the pearly shoulder from which the shoulder-strap of the corsage slips down—remains one of his most distinguished works. The Arab proverb of the uneven distribution of plausible lies—the sack which contained the supply for all nations of these indispensable quantities having been stolen and opened in their happy peninsula, so that most of them remained there for all time—would seem to be peculiarly applicable to painters. While so many of them throughout the world remain constrained inevitably to paint that which shall always be recognized as paint and nothing else, others, a few, dwellers in a species of Arabia Felix, juggle with their pigments and make us deceitfully believe that we see forms and colors and visions of all kinds, good and bad.

To employ this plausible skill in the calling up of evil and unpleasant sights seems to be unnecessary, and it is probable that the painting of *sordid* horrors, such as massacres and famines, is distinctly bad art,—whatever may be the sophistications employed to defend it in these modern times. To contend, as does the Russian painter Verestchagin, that in presenting on immense canvases, and with all the detail and *vraisemblance* that he finds possible, the horrors of war in order to inspire mankind with aversion for it and to hasten the day of universal peace, is to mistake the artist's mission. To present scenes of dread



MAURICE BOMPARD. ARABIAN HOSPITALITY.

in which there is some other quality present than hopeless misery, some display of finer human traits, as courage, or devotion, or resignation, or some pomp of the eye, as is very frequently the case in these scenes, may be much more allowable. An ingenious plea has been put forward recently by one French artist, M. Emile Bayard, in condonation of the scenes of horror on a grand scale painted by another, M. Tattenrain,—that, in effect, the latter has been tempted and attracted by the varying degrees of success which attend efforts in various lines of the imagination, by the great diversity in the choice of themes on which to exercise his imagination, that he has found it “too simple” to confine himself to those subjects in which his facility was the greatest, that, finally, *par coquetterie* also the mind frequently goes straying away into other fields, only to return in the end to those of



its intimate adoration. Hence, M. Tattegrain, who is, really, *un timide*, in whom "the work and the man present themselves as inseparable in their equal timidity," has gradually progressed from his early studies of twilights and early mornings on the sea-beach, with fishermen and women and *vérotières* engaged in their peaceful avocations,—studies in which he still excels,—to the representation of the horrors of the battle-field, of the starving and cannibalistic wretches between two armies in a mediæval siege, of the massacre and exile of a whole population in a city taken by storm. The timid souls have these *élans favorables*, says M. Bayard. But the painter, being thus constituted, is necessarily inadequate, it is recognized, to depict as they should be depicted, with sufficient vigor and courage, these sterner themes, and accordingly the commentator regrets the "unreal horrors" of the *Bouches Inutiles*. This is true enough, it is scarcely possible to paint literally such a subject; but it is also true that the group in the immediate foreground, on the left, of this picture is quite sufficiently real, and has no possible justification for being painted at all.

*Vérotières*, notwithstanding their unpleasant name, are only harmless folk who seek worms for bait for the fishers along the beach in the early dawn, and consequently present excellent subjects for a painter who passes most of his time on the coast, who delights in identifying himself with the natives, and who renders these semi-marine themes with true artistic judgment. Sometimes he puts boldly out to sea and paints such scenes of whelming wave and tempest, seen in the clear gray light of a sea storm, as his *Sauvetage en Mer* of the Salon of 1897. From these *Vérotières au petit jour*, *Au Large*, and *Retour de Pêche*, he gradually progressed to a *Louis XIV aux dunes*, inspecting the gray and purple corpses of the battle-field, then to an *Incendie*, the *Bouches Inutiles*, and, finally, the *Saint-Quentin* of the Salon of 1899, for which he was awarded the Médaille d'Honneur. Incidentally, he occupied himself with mediæval themes in which there was no horror,—a *Casselois*

JEAN-PAUL LAURENS  
SAINT JEAN CHRYSOSTÔME REVILING  
THE EMPRESS EUDOXIA

*Loaned by the City of Toulouse*

PHOTOGRAVURE



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*se rendant au duc Philippe le Bon*, a very ingenious and spirited composition in which vanquishers and vanquished are alike swept by an indiscriminating torrent of wind, and the *Eutrée de Louis XI à Paris*. The “useless mouths” are those of the non-combatants turned out of the Château Gaillard, at Les Andelys on the Seine, built by Richard Cœur de Lion, during its siege in the year 1203,—refused by the besiegers a passage through their lines, they gradually starved and froze between the two opposing forces. A half-dozen phrases in a history would give us all the information we need concerning this fact,—it seems to be equally useless and stupid, this elaborate and costly revival of a forgotten horror, nearly seven centuries in the tomb. The very great skill with which the painter has presented the big lines of his tragedy—the sombre winter day, the desolate valley of the Seine, the stone turrets of the castle and their palisades rising high on the left and the wooden towers of the besiegers on the right—only aggravates his offence. The background of his picture is imposing, and the foreground is revolting.

It is perhaps an indication of the condition of the contemporary art in France that the Salon medal of honor was awarded to the *Saint-Quentin pris d'Assaut, l'Exode, 29 Août, 1557*, rather than to the *Sérénité* of Henri Martin, a canvas almost equal in size and by an artist of equal importance. As works of the painter's technique, there was not much to choose between them; Tattegrain's methods are free from the mannerisms and tricks of the other, while his composition, in this case, is not so well balanced. The *Sérénité* was bought by the State, and the *Saint-Quentin* was destined for the decoration of the Hôtel de Ville of that city. Unless it were intended to keep alive the seeds of hatred between French and Spaniard (which in this particular year of grace was peculiarly inappropriate), or to perpetuate in the memory of the citizens a day of ruin and humiliation, it is difficult to comprehend the choice of this theme for a great municipal decoration. As a “decoration,” in any legitimate use of the word, it is not entitled to recognition.

The midsummer sun pours down its untempered rays on the wretched throng of women and children, widows and orphans, half-clad and filling the air with their lamentations, striving to save some few remnants of their worldly goods, driven down the long street of the city between the smoking ruins on either side by the Spaniards. "After two days of murder and pillage and incendiarism," said the official tablet, "the remnant of the population were conducted outside of the ruins by order of Philip II, king of Spain. The Germans, the English, and the Spaniards committed acts of great cruelty upon the women and children. The men had been killed. On the 29th, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the order was issued that all the women should be sent off to France. It was truly heart-breaking to see thirty-five hundred women uttering their lamentations on recognizing the corpses, naked and pierced with wounds." It is one of these groups that the painter has placed in the centre of his immediate foreground, the two children, followed by their mother, finding in the ghastly road-bed the body of their father. The effect of the blazing sunlight on this multitude of half-clad figures is rendered with great technical skill,—indeed, some of the critics of the Salon reproached the painter for his too abundant prodigality of light. Others complained of the confusion of the scene, "as vexing to the eye as it is confusing to the brain." In the following December, a banquet was offered to M. Tattelain by his friends, in Paris, in honor of his medal at the Salon for this painting; the company was largely composed of members of the Société des Rosati, that is to say, of Parisians natives of Flanders, Artois, and Picardie. Speeches were made, and M. Tattelain "replied in a voice full of emotion."

The practice of seriously criticising the paintings of Detaille began about the date of the exhibition of his great official canvas of the *Distribution des Drapeaux* some few years ago, his work, up to that time, having been received with almost indiscriminating eulogy,—even

his *Le Rêve*, one of the most empty and formal of possible paintings, being accepted with fervor and placed in the Luxembourg. The "Distributing the Flags" was destroyed by the author as soon as the Salon closed, he reserving only a small portion of it, a group of officers. These big *machines* have not generally brought him fortune; though his two panoramas painted in conjunction with De Neuville, that of Champagne and that of Rezonville, were singularly successful as paintings. De Neuville seemed to have not only a greater power of rendering expression and action, but also much more skill in painting atmospheric effects,—many of his canvases owe much of their power of impression to the vivid sensation of the chill discomfort or the bracing exhilaration



ADRIEN MOREAU-NÉRET AUTUMNAL HARMONY.

in the air,—the drama being thus insinuated, as it were, presented subtly as well as directly. In his paintings, and in his many illustrations,—of which the best are probably those for Guizot's history of France,—he also displayed great fertility and talent in composition. Detaille's very



best works show a quality which is perhaps finer, that of conveying the dramatic sensation when there is no dramatic action, as, notably, in his *Régiment qui passe*, probably his masterpiece. Here, though the scene represented is merely that of a regiment of infantry on a winter day passing the Porte Saint-Martin and preceded and followed by a crowd, the tenseness and thrill of patriotic fervor, hope and fear and dread, which animated the capital during the siege, is suggested with curious force. But, generally, like his master Meissonier, it might be said that the general effect intended to be produced by his canvas was weakened, not by the excessive minuteness of detail—of which the general run of critics complain, but by that very great care for clever drawing, for a sort of over-accentuation of accuracy and style of design—quite ignoring Nature's slurrings and want of neatness—which attracts the spectator's attention and admiration in detail, and so prevents him from appreciating the scene as a whole.

These qualities, and most of his best ones, may be found in one of his later large canvases, the *Sortie de la garnison de Huningue*, purchased by a group of anonymous subscribers at the Salon of 1892 and presented to the State, now in the collection of the Luxembourg. This little frontier town held out against the Allies after Waterloo, and only surrendered, on the 20th of August, 1815, to an overwhelming force of Austrians. Here we see the decimated and exhausted garrison, in their worn and soiled uniforms, their wounded and heroic general, Barbanègre, at their head, marching out proudly between the double ranks of Austrian soldiers, presenting arms, and saluted reverentially by the Austrian chief of staff. It would seem impossible to put more skill and ingenuity of design into this representation,—every figure is alive with character and expression, and exactly fitted for the particular situation which it occupies in the general effect, from the two drummers leading the march to the bearded sapeur in the middle distance and the impudent rake of the cocked hats just passing under the archway in the background.

PAUL GERVAIS

TITANIA'S FOLLY

*Loaned by the State*

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PHOTOGRAVURE



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It may also be noticed that the bent bayonets of the heroic garrison are placed in the defile just where they will contrast most effectively with the straight and shining blades of the Austrian guards. The contrast of color, between the stained, spotted, and faded uniforms *de grande tenue* of the French and the brilliant and unspeakably neat and martial appearance of the victors, is no less striking. It would seem, indeed, that the latter, at the end of a long campaign, were marvellously white and shining,—though it is related that Napoleon's Guard made it a point of honor, no matter what the weather, the marching, or the fighting, to present themselves at the morning review spotless, from gaiter to shako.

This abounding talent for detail and characterization is noticeable in all his most valuable canvases,—the character of the heads, both of those of the officials and of the firemen, in his *Victimes du Devoir*, of the Salon of 1894, and the action of the wrists of the pompier in the central foreground who is lifting the hose; the waxed moustache and the skilful distribution of the artillery cartridges on the ground under the horse of the colonel of the battery de Vassoigne, in the *En Batterie!* It is somewhat inopportune to reflect that this artillery of the Imperial Guard went thus magnificently into action in 1870 only to find itself hopelessly outranged by the German field-guns. In his designs more than in his large paintings, Detaille seems to get more of the spirit and the character of the scene, as well as the uniforms and the heads, more of the atmosphere, the *souffle*, the inspiration; the admirable series of drawings he made some years ago for the publication *L'Armée française* left nothing to be desired in the way of accuracy and artistic intelligence. But in his large canvas shown at the Exposition of 1900 and which had been ten years in his studio, he presents a scene which is rendered with very much more fire and dramatic inspiration by a much less well-known painter, Jules Rouffet, at the Salon of 1900,—the presentation to the Emperor, after the battle, of the flags taken at Austerlitz. In M. Rouffet's more recent canvas, the approaching Emperor

is almost unperceived in the distance, but the two converging lines of horsemen in perspective which lead up to him, all of them waving their hats in the air, against the sky, culminate in the foreground in a tremendous group of cuirassiers, grenadiers, and hussars, their horses still fierce-eyed and wide-nostrilled from the charge, lifting high over their heads the taken standards in an infinite variety of forms and colors, and all of them, horsemen, horses, and banners, bathed in the red and fierce light of the sunset. As a presentation of *L'Épopée*, a synthesis and an apotheosis, this seems to have a certain logic and directness.



GABRIEL FERRIER. ANGE GARDIEN.



JEAN VEBER. GOLD.

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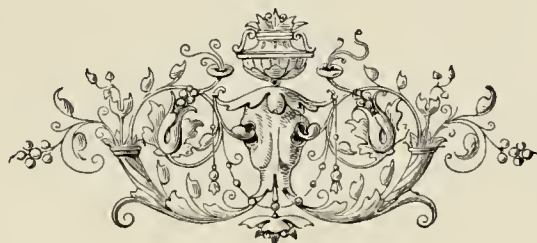
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